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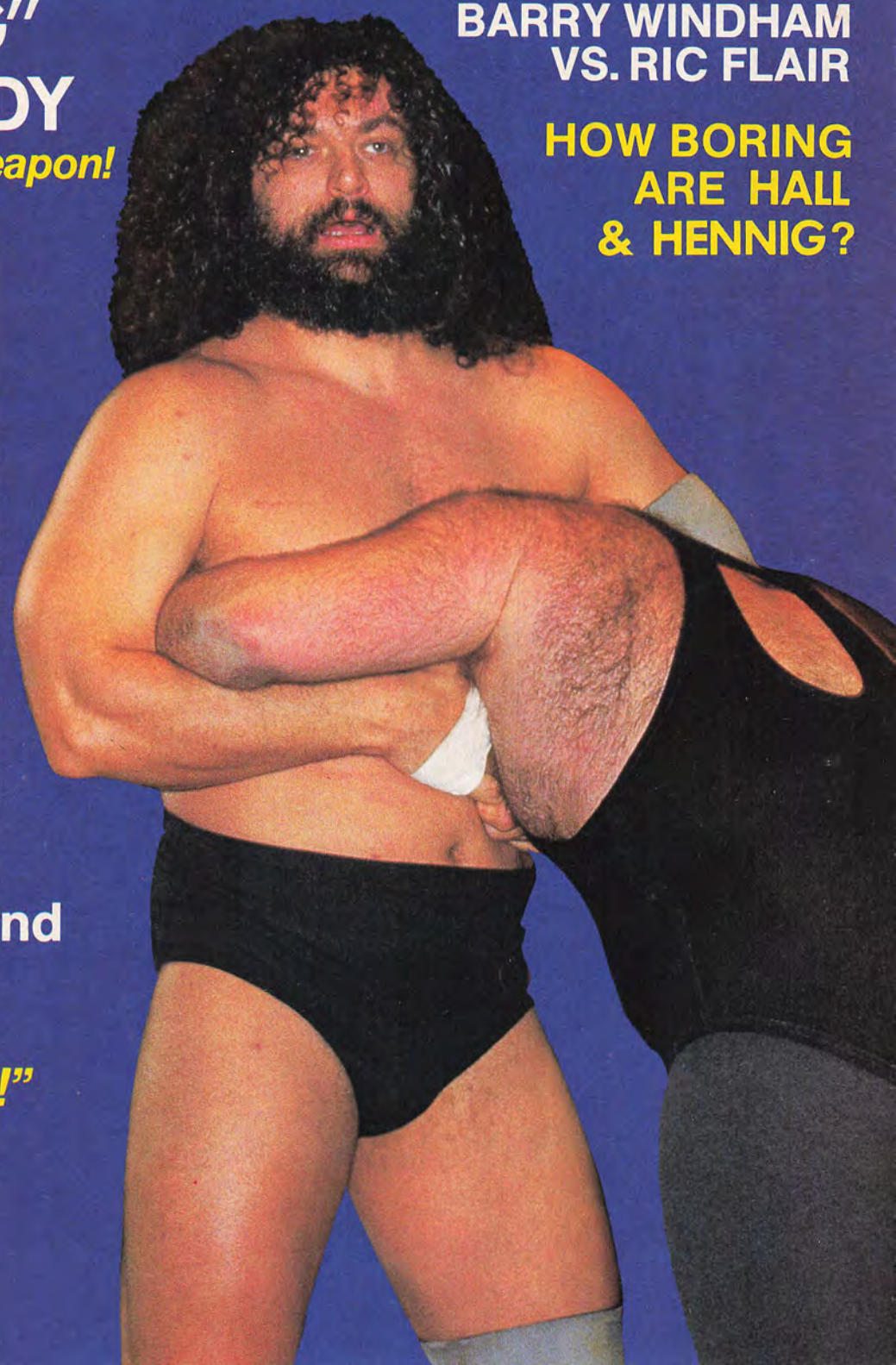

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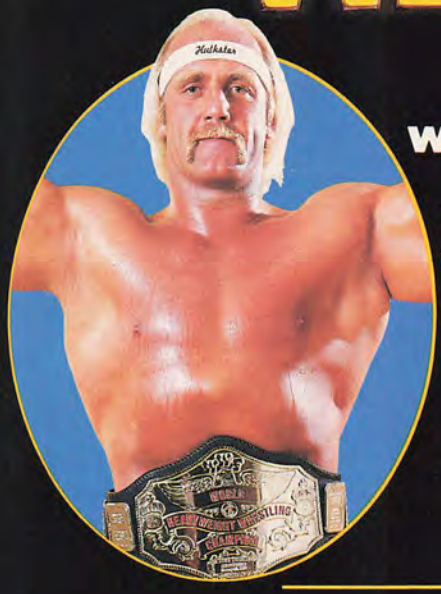

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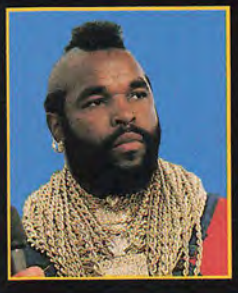

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CONTENTS JULY '86, VOL. 4 NO. 9

FEATURES

20 **"BOX"-SEATS FOR "WRESTLEMANIA 2!!"**
By Jeremy Tepper

26 **TULLY BLANCHARD AND J.J. DILLON AGREE:**
"DUSTY RHODES MUST RETIRE NOW!"
By Art Burns

30 **"KING KONG" BRUISER BRODY:** STORMS INTO THE AWA!
By Art Burns

36 **FABULOUS ONES:** FIRE UP FLORIDA!
By Monica Lisben

40 **HOW BORING ARE SCOTT HALL AND CURT HENNIG?**
By James Taber

52 **LET'S PLAY AWA!:** NEW LINE OF WRESTLING TOYS
By Jeremy Tepper

58 **ARN ANDERSON:** NWA TELEVISION TITLEHOLDER
By Robert E. Riddick, Jr.

SPECIAL MONTHLY FEATURES

22 **OUT OF THE RING:** RICKY STEAMBOAT
By Mike Edison

48 **WRESTLER OF THE MONTH:** ANDRE THE GIANT
By Jeremy Tepper

44 **MATCH OF THE MONTH:** RIC FLAIR VS. BARRY WINDHAM
By Ted Pipe

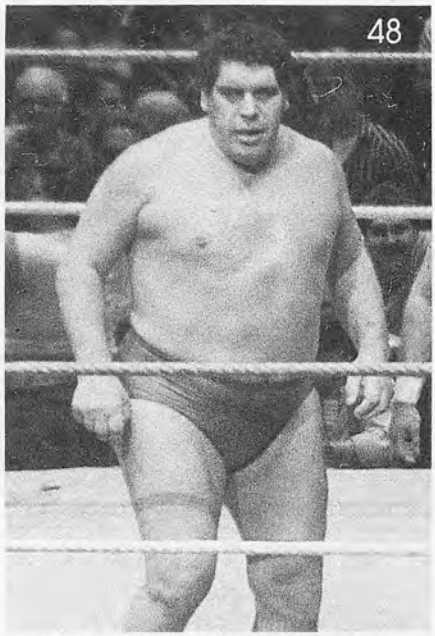
54 **INTO THE SPOTLIGHT:** MANNY FERNANDEZ
By Robert E. Riddick, Jr.

EXCLUSIVE COLOR PORTRAITS

25 **RICKY "THE DRAGON" STEAMBOAT**
26 **TULLY BLANCHARD AND J.J. DILLON**
39 **THE FABULOUS ONES**
40 **CURT HENNIG AND SCOTT HALL**
57 **MANNY FERNANDEZ VS. ABDULLAH THE BUTCHER**

DEPARTMENTS

5 **EDITOR'S CORNER**
6 **LETTERS TO THE EDITOR**
11 **THE HEART PUNCH**
12 **ROUND UP**
62 **RATINGS**



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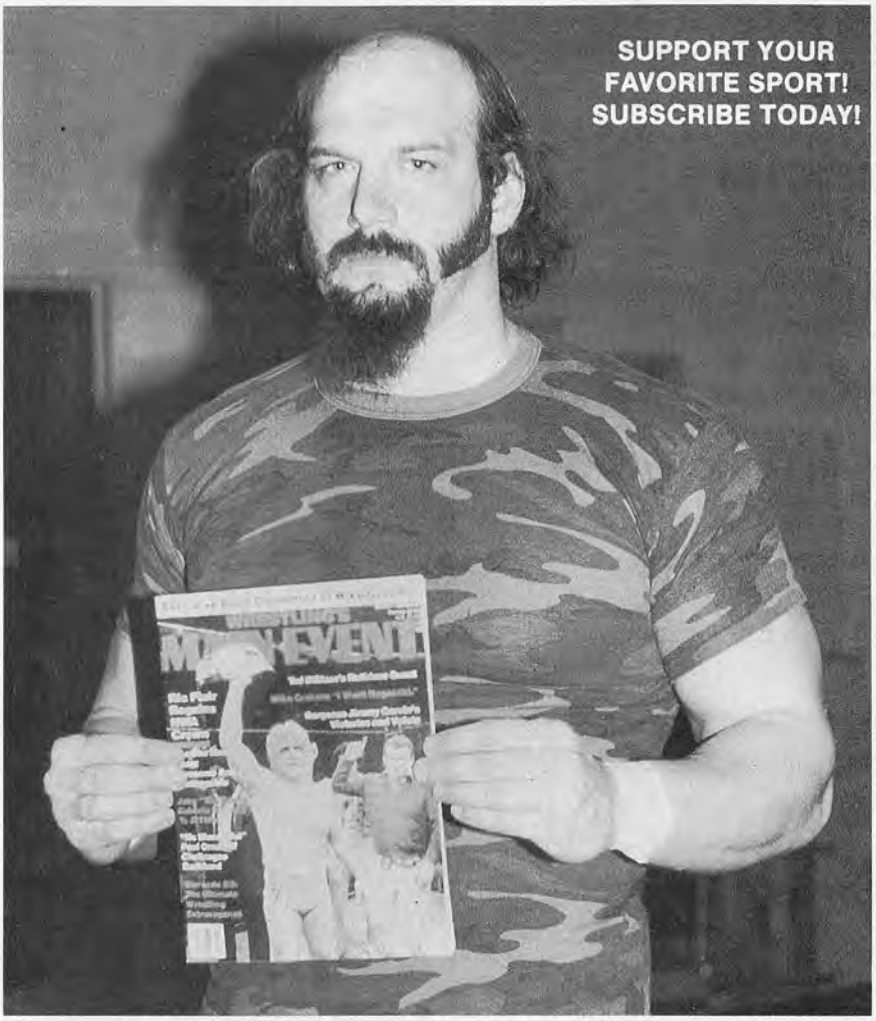

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EDITOR'S CORNER

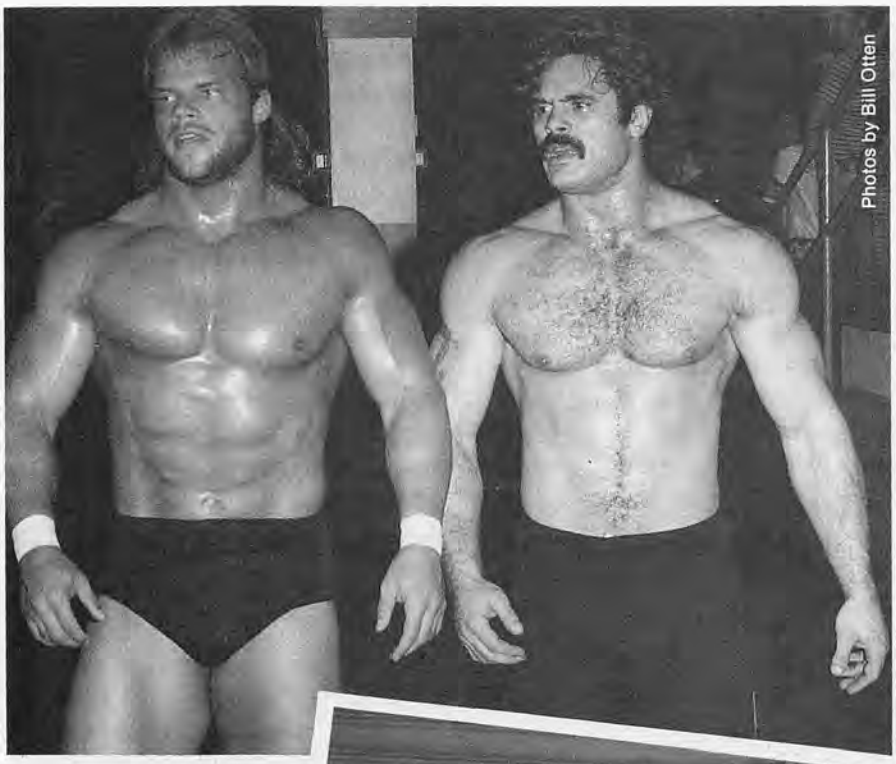
For most mat-fans, Professional Wrestling is characterized by its heroes and villains, or "good guys" and "bad guys" if you prefer. These classifications are meant to define the way wrestlers are expected to behave, both inside the Squared Circle and out.

But these two categories are too often confused with the terms "scientific" and "rulebreaker." When it comes right down to it, 90% of all Professional Wrestlers have some sort of amateur background, and are therefore "scientific" wrestlers. The most obvious exceptions are the new breed of body-builder wrestlers who have little-to-no ring experience—but this doesn't necessarily make them "bad guys."

On the other hand, "rulebreaker" is a completely subjective term. It is generally reserved for the trouble-makers who do anything within their means to assure a victory. But what about the "good guys" who resort to brawling tactics, bite and gouge, or brandish steel folding chairs?

The fact is that all wrestlers share the same profession, and a great deal in common. They are all subject to the same risks involved in climbing into the ring, and they all draw from more or less the same arsenal of wrestling holds and combinations. The major difference comes not from their ring style, but from their personalities and appeal to the fans.

If not for the televised interviews which are featured on all wrestling broadcasts, most fans wouldn't know what particular wrestlers represent. In this manner the athletes are able to vent their spleens, and gear their rage in a particular direction. The fans decide whether or not they can relate to individual wrestlers, and based on this general consensus they are classified as "good guys" or "bad guys."



Photos by Bill Otten

Professional Wrestlers are divided by fans into groups of "good guys" and "bad guys," and birds of a feather flock together. Villains Lex Lugar and Rick Rude teamed up in Florida recently (above), while pretty boys Barry Windham and Magnum T.A. like to horse around with each other (right).

Of course it's easy enough to jump the fence, and it takes little more than a new target to turn a despised villain into a huge hero (take Paul Orndorff or George Steele, for example), but this is all dependent on playing up to the sympathy of the fans. Without the fans, there would be no audience for Professional Wrestling, and neither the wrestlers nor the promoters can ignore this vital fact. That's why WME strives so hard to be the "#1 Magazine for Mat Fans Today!"—and until next month, so long to mat-fans everywhere!

■ **JEREMY TEPPER**

LETTERS
To The Editor

BRUTUS TAKES THE CAKE

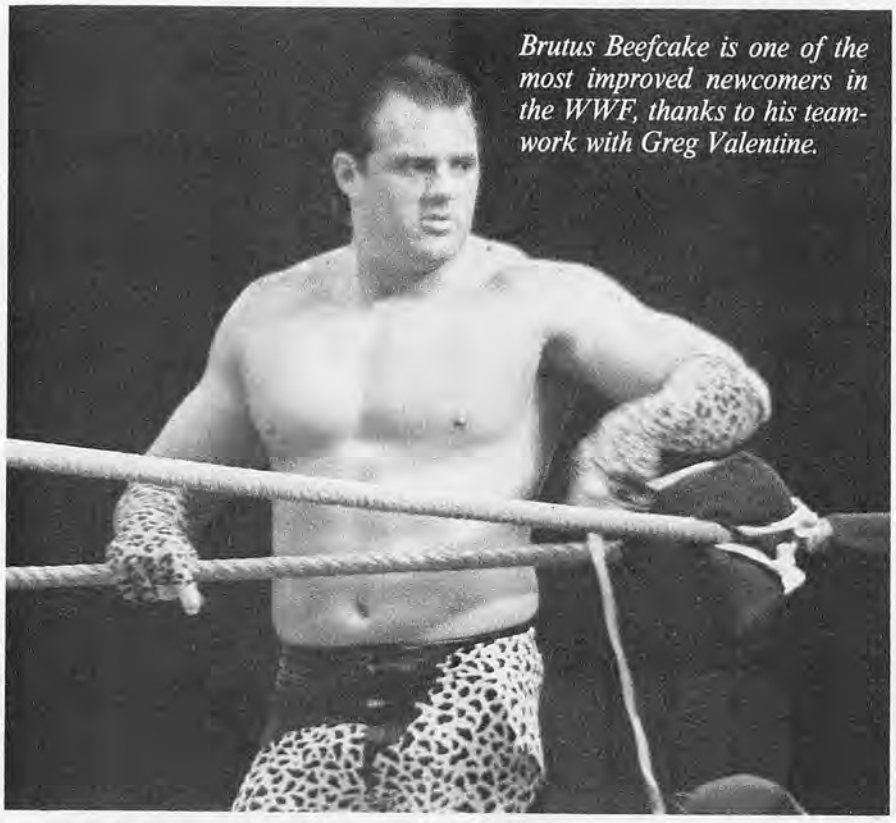
This is an open letter to Brutus Beefcake. I've been watching you for quite a while, and I've seen you progress a lot in that time. My only complaint is that I feel that you need to somehow get out of the Valentine partnership and try to find yourself. By finding yourself I mean that Valentine has established himself as a man of various styles whereas you have not done so yet.

All the critics say that Valentine is "carrying" you through the matches. I don't think this is very fair of them. What they are talking about is variety. Valentine has, to name a few, the Figure-Four Leglock, the Elbow Smash, and the Shoulderbreaker. Your only move is the "Flying Knee."

If it seems that I am condemning you, you are wrong. I am only trying to look out for you and hope that you can take a little constructive criticism. In the future I hope that you will try to work harder on your moves and less on your image.

So what do you say, Brutus, do you show the world your wrestling knowledge or do you let them go on bad-mouthing you? Whether you believe it or not, there is somebody out there waiting for you to show the world exactly what you've got.

J. Valez
Brooklyn, NY



Brutus Beefcake is one of the most improved newcomers in the WWF, thanks to his teamwork with Greg Valentine.

Photo by Jeremy Tepper

Ed. Note: Though it sometimes appears as if Greg Valentine is the dominant force in the "Dream Team," there is little doubt that Brutus Beefcake has also been holding his own while expanding his wrestling skills. WME definitely considers Beefcake to be one of the most improved wrestlers over the last year.

WORLD CLASH

On every World Class wrestling telecast I watch lately they boldly trumpet their new rule. This rule states that if a champion is disqualified in a title match he loses the title. The problem is that the belt is not simply and logically held up but is actually awarded to the challenger. If the champion actually has to earn the title back, than a challenger should actually have to beat the champion to win the title.

I call upon intelligent fans of the World Class area to petition, write letters, and call the promoters to get this rule changed so that the title is held up instead of being cheapened by being awarded to a challenger who didn't earn it.

Michael Pell
Los Angeles, CA

Ed. Note: You're right, Michael, winning a title on a disqualification is a shallow victory, especially considering the vast variety of DQ's. Holding the title up until a rematch can be held is a sensible idea, and should be considered by World Class officials.

BARRY BOOSTER

I would like to congratulate and thank you for your spectacular job on the "Wrestler of the Month" for April '86!

You really outdid yourself this time.

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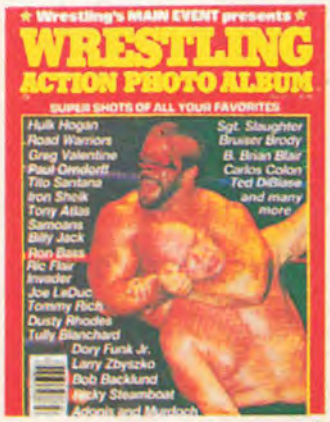

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The story and pictures were the best I've ever seen of Barry Windham.

This family is tops on my list, and I love and respect them as if they wre my own blood. When I look at pictures of Barry and Kendall together it inspires me to try and get along with my own brother.

Blackjack Mulligan has survived many wars and may be scarred and battered, but he has a family he can be damn proud of. Some people might tell you they are nothing but a bunch of country boys trying to make it big, but under the cruel title of "redneck" lies hearts of solid gold in this family!

The Windhams are winners!

Sue Rice
Oshkosh, WI

Photo by Bill Otten

Jesse Barr is one of many Florida mat-stars who has been featured on the pages of WME, thanks to our ace photographer Bill Otten.

FAN OF FLORIDA

I have just finished reading your April '86 issue and would like to congratulate you on your articles on Barry Windham and Kevin Sullivan. WME is the first magazine I've seen that has written full-length articles on Florida Wrestling. We have quite a few top stars down here such as Lex Lugar, Jesse Barr, Tyrie Pride, the Fabulous Ones, Kendo Nagasaki, Hector Guerrero, and many more! I'm glad someone finally recognized Florida.

Michael Zitner
Hollywood, FL

Ed. Note: Thanks for writing in, Michael. Since the April '86 issue of WME we've run stories on both Lugar and Barr, and we hope you enjoy the pieces on the Fabulous Ones and Barry Windham in this issue. Once again, credit goes out to our ace Florida photographer Bill Otten.

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IN PRAISE OF HOGAN

I'm sick and tired of reading the letters that these idiots write in putting down the WWF Champ Hulk Hogan. They must be deaf, dumb, and blind not to see that the Hulk is the #1 man in wrestling today. He's beaten the biggest and baddest dudes the WWF has to offer, and he would beat NWA Champ Ric Flair or AWA Champ Stan Hansen if he got the chance. So don't give me that garbage about Hogan being vulnerable to scientific opponents. When he was managed by Fred Blassie in the WWF in 1980/81 he Bodyslammed Andre the Giant and beat him to a bloody pulp several times. Hulk also beat the likes of Tito

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Santana and Ted DiBiase, and he would have won the WWF Belt then if Bob Backlund didn't duck him. I say that there's nobody in wrestling today capable of beating the Hulkster. Many years from now when it's time for him to hang up the boots Hogan will become the first man ever to retire with the WWF Championship Belt. Hulk Hogan deserves all the praise and adulation he gets because there will never be another phenomenon to compare with him in wrestling. The 2% of ignorant jerks in the world who don't like him can jump off a bridge. Compared to them George Steele is a college professor.

Paul Harrison
Somerset, PA

Ed. Note: We get letters like yours every day, Paul, and you'll be glad to know that all but 2% of our readers agree with you. As for the Hulkster's early years in the WWF, look for an article on Hogan's rulebreaking past in next month's 4th Anniversary issue of WME.

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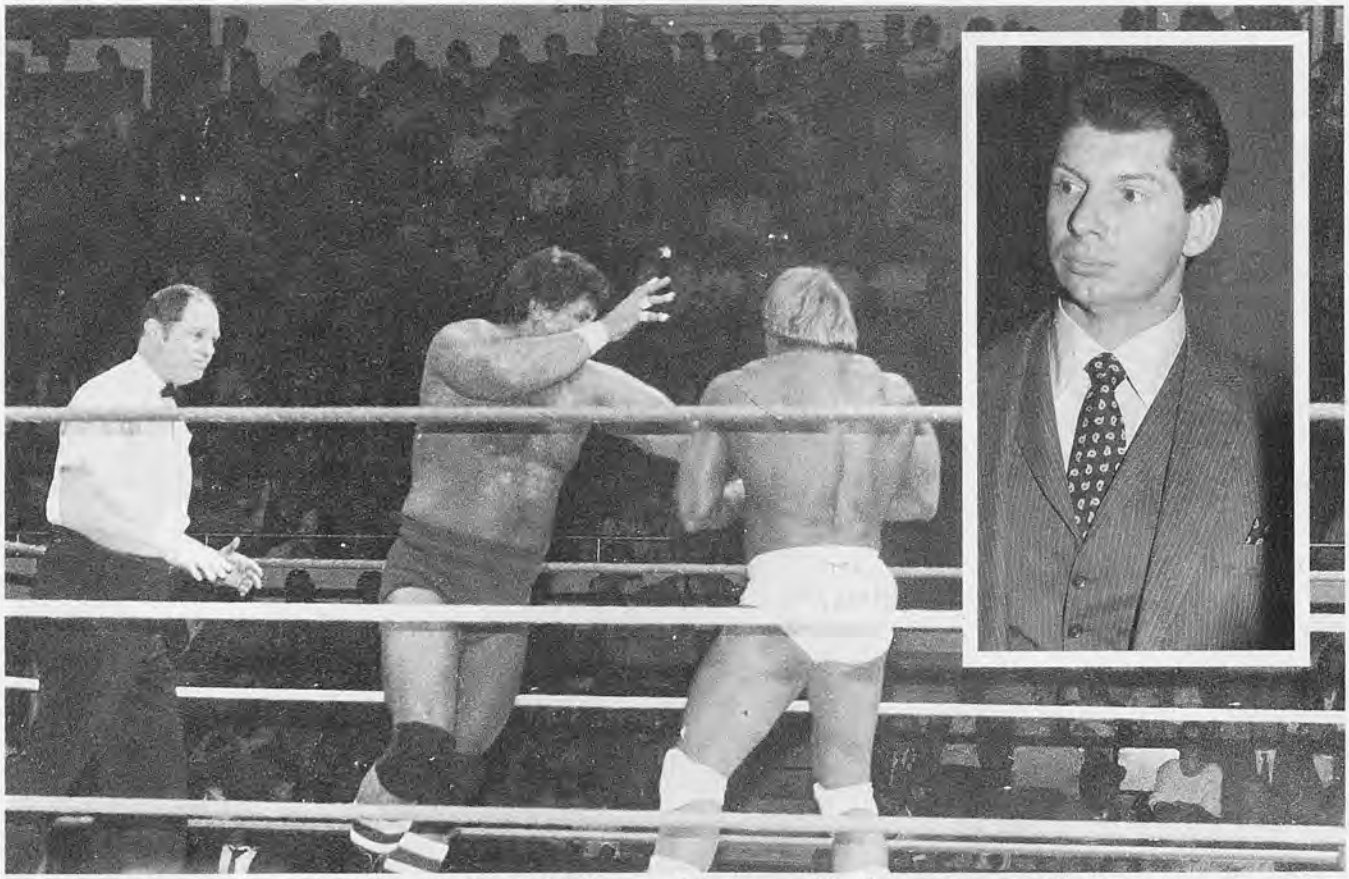


Photo by John Barrett

WWF headmaster Vince McMahon Jr. (top right) is not solely responsible for turning wrestling into the mass-market spectacle it is today. It's also the fans' fault for buying his hard sell, according to WME's Associate Editor Mike Edison.

How many letters do we get every day putting down the WWF? Oodles. We get *oodles* of letters. Every day. They say the WWF is a circus, they complain about the Hulkster's wrestling ability, they blow their noses at Vince McMahon, and that's where I say hold it, gang, and get hip,

Now I know which gripes are genuine—that blond and balding MTV goon is surely no better a wrestler than I am, and yeah, the Hillbillies are even worse. And we don't need a *People Magazine* potpourri of celebrities to make wrestling interesting.

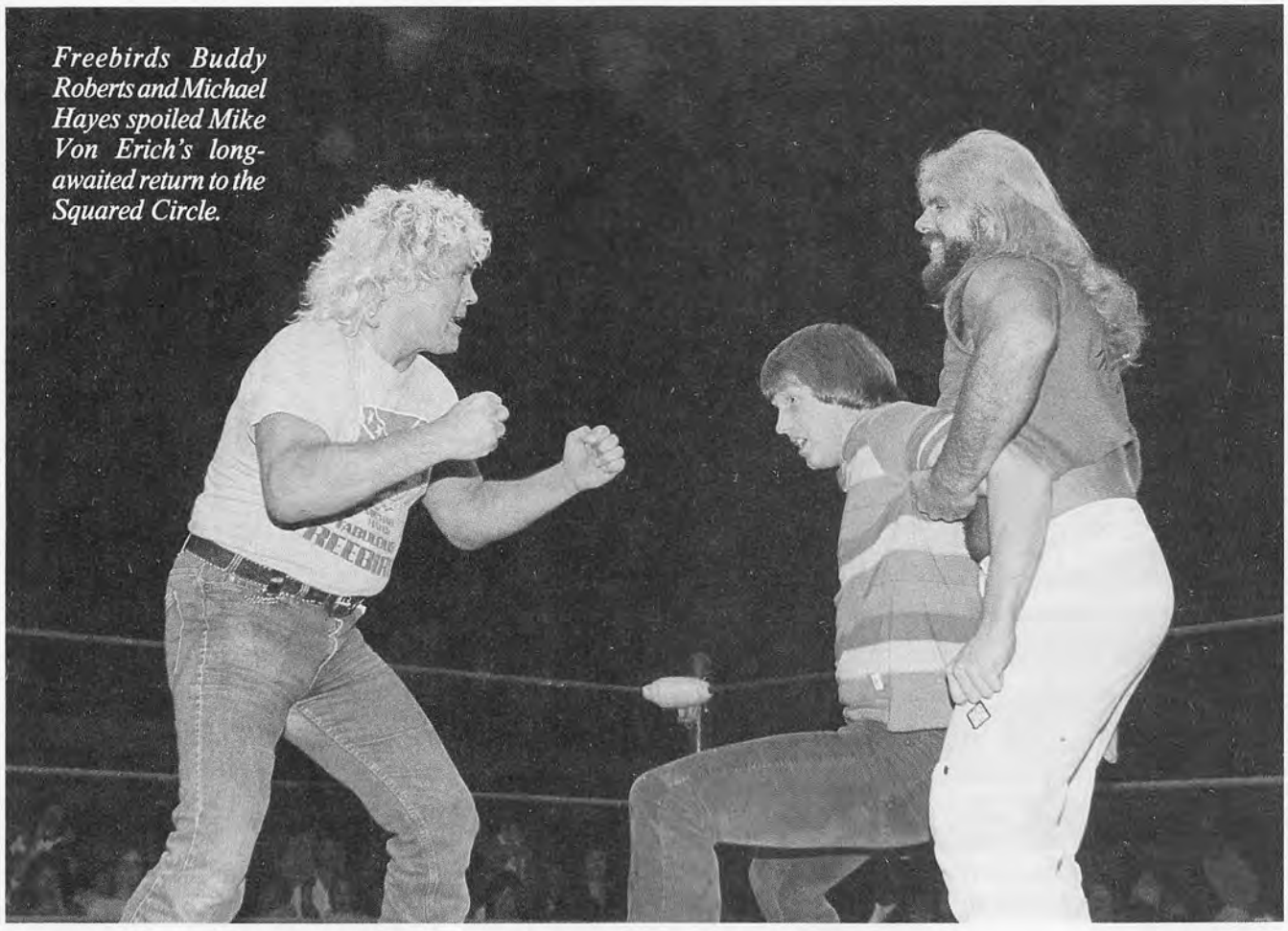
But lemme explain something—wrestling promoters aren't in this business to make friends, they're in it to make money. Don't kid yourself, there's no other reason. Of course the intelligent wrestling fan would rather patronize a promotion that put forth quality wrestling and not just gratuitous spectacle, but the problem arises, not from the visionary imperialism of Mr. McMahon, but from you, the fan. Maybe not you, but probably your kid brother and his friends who are constantly disrupting class with their JYD thumb wrestlers. The point is this; as long as toy dolls, cartoon caricatures, celebrity riddled estravaganzas, and mediocre grapplers sell big time *there's no motivation to promote wrestling for wrestling's sake,* no reason to go the extra distance to insure top shelf athletics. Why bother when there's obviously more money to be made with ballyhoo and hype?

It's very easy to criticize the WWF for all of this, but hold on. There's no denying Vince's extraordinary intellect or his cleft-chin or the high level of success the WWF is enjoying—I'd still rather hear Vince rant and rave than just about any announcer, I just can't resist his incredulous "Indeed"—but the thrust of this month's Heart Punch is this; don't complain to me about the WWF. If their style of promotion turns you off, don't go to their cards, don't buy their toys, and don't watch their TV shows. But don't blame Vince, blame the throngs of Hulkopheliacs who are making him rich.

■ **MIKE EDISON**

WRESTLING'S ROUND-UP

A monthly report on all the latest happenings in the world of Professional Wrestling . . .



Freebirds Buddy Roberts and Michael Hayes spoiled Mike Von Erich's long-awaited return to the Squared Circle.

FREEBIRDS FOIL MIKE VON ERICH'S RETURN TO THE RING

Family man **Mike Von Erich,** who's battle with Toxic Shock Syndrome brought him within an inch of death last year, has returned to World Class telecasts and vowed that he will soon be stepping back into the Squared Circle.

Still frail from his long recovery, Mike and his 16-year old brother **Chris Von Erich** appeared at a TV taping to announce Mike's intended comeback when they were rudely interrupted by Freebird **Buddy Roberts,** who had just lost his World Class Television Title to cousin **Lance Von Erich.** Claiming that he was ripped off when Lance pinned his substitute **Terry Gordy,** Robert's went so far as to hit Mike Von Erich, causing Chris to clock Roberts with a steel folding chair.

At this point Freebird **Michael Hayes** also got in on the act to aid the fallen Freebird. After the incident both Hayes and Gordy reprimanded Buddy Roberts for attacking a kid and an invalid, but all three Freebirds will likely receive their just deserts when they defend their Six-Man Tag-Team Title against **Kerry, Kevin** and **Lance Von Erich** at the World Class Parade of Champions.

Mike Von Erich is joined by his 16-year-old brother Chris Von Erich.

WRESTLING'S ROUND-UP

A monthly report on all the latest happenings in the world of Professional Wrestling . . .

JAKE SNAKES INTO WWF

Jake "The Snake" Roberts has looked very impressive since joining the ranks of the World Wrestling Federation. After spending the past year in the Mid-South area, where he walked the fine line between hero and villain, Roberts packed his bag with **Damien,** his 14 foot Boa Constrictor, and relocated in the WWF.

Known for his slithering ring style and deadly DDT, Roberts has amassed an undefeated record since arriving in the WWF—but most of the attention is being focused on the snake itself, which Jake generally raps around his opponent after scoring a pinfall.

Jake Roberts and Damien have made quite an impression on WWF fans.

"I thought he was going to squeeze my brains out," said **George Welles,** who had Damien rapped around his neck following his loss to Roberts at "WrestleMania 2." "Losing a match is one thing, but to suffer this type of humiliation is like adding insult to injury."

Not to mention the outside possibility of Damien suddenly getting hungry and strangling an unfortunate victim. This unnecessary risk is "appalling," according to commentator **Bruno Sammartino,** who has suggested that Jake and Damien be sent back to their home in Stone Mountain, GA.

BULLDOG'S WIN IT ALL FOR ALBANO

Chalk up number 16 for **Captain Lou Albano,** who has made good on his promise to guide the **British Bulldogs** to the WWF Tag-Team Championship, as he has done for so many other teams before them.

After hounding former champion **Greg Valentine** and **Brutus Beefcake** from one end of the country to the other, the Bulldogs finally put the finishing touches on the "Dream Team" at "WrestleMania 2", where their cause was assisted by two referees and rock star Ozzy Osbourne in their corner. Many observers labeled the match as the highlight of an already spectacular night of wrestling.

"This is the greatest tag-team I've ever had the privilege to manage," Albano commended **Davey Boy Smith** and the **Dynamite Kid.** "They've got the moves and the grooves and I'm so proud and elated that they've got the title now too."

So much for winning the title, now comes the hard part. As tag champs the Bulldogs will likely be facing challenges from the **Hart Foundation,** the **Funk Brothers,** and **Nikolai Volkoff** and the **Iron Sheik.** In the meantime the Bulldogs have joined an elite group of Albano-managed tag-champs including **Windham** and **Rotundo,** the **Samoans,** the **Blackjacks,** the **Moondogs,** the **Executioners,** and others.

Guiding light Lou Albano (center) has led the British Bulldogs to the WWF Tag-Team Title, for his record 16th championship.

Photos by John Barrett, Jeremy Tepper, and Jimmy Papa

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WRESTLING'S ROUND-UP

A monthly report on all the latest happenings in the world of Professional Wrestling . . .

Heavyweight Champion Hulk Hogan reigns supreme in the WWF.

In other wrestling news, WWF Heavyweight Champion **Hulk Hogan** appears to have finally washed his hands of heavyweight **King Kong Bundy.** Following Hogan's convincing steel cage victory at "WrestleMania 2" Bundy has regrouped with partner **Big John Studd** and manager **Bobby "The Brain" Heenan** to issue a new challenge at **Andre the Giant.** Imagine the shock waves a tag war between Andre and The Hulkster against these two big babies would emit. . . .

Intercontinental Champion **Randy Savage** can't seem to get **George "The Animal" Steele** off his tail, or, more accurately, the tail of **Elizabeth.** The only way to distract the Animal is to put a nice tasty turnbuckle in his face, although both he and Savage have been munching a lot of flowers lately. . . .

The feud between **Paul Orndorff** and the **Magnificent Muraco** has a lot of promise, and looks to turn into a full blown "Battle of the Piledrivers". . . .

Corporal Kirchner has really earned the right to hold his nation's colors high, as he's rapidly maturing into a top caliber grappler. Unfortunately the same can't be said for his sometimes partner **Dan Spivey,** who seems to wander aimlessly around the ring. If Kirchner's serious about taking on the **Iron Sheik** and **Nikolai Volkoff** he'd better find himself a more capable partner. . . .

What's next in store for **"Rowdy" Roddy Piper** and his bodyguard **"Ace" Orton?** Hopefully they've given up on the idea of pursuing careers in boxing. . . .

Other top attractions in the WWF include the raging feud between the **Junkyard Dog** and the **Funk Brothers,** the **Hillbillies, Ricky Steamboat,** and **Hercules Hernandez,** to name but a few. . . .

Paul Orndorff vs. the Magnificent Muraco is the "Battle of the Piledrivers."

Black Bart has the Mid-Atlantic Title all tied up with his Bullrope.

A most unlikely challenge to NWA World's Heavyweight Champion **Ric Flair** has been mounted by none other than **Ricky Morton** of the **Rock-n-Roll Express.** Evidentally Ricky was upset when Flair insulted the Express' fans on TV, so Morton responded by smashing the champ's glasses. It's not hard to guess which side the fans are going to take in this rivalry. . . .

Black Bart has regained the Mid-Atlantic Title from **Sam Houston.** It looked like Houston was ready for a long reign, but he's got a lot to learn if he thinks he can just rest on his past laurels. Bart, on the other hand, had better not underestimate his ex-tag partner **Cowboy Ron Bass,** who still wants a piece of him. . . .

The Midnight Express managed by **Jim Cornette** had better beware of a mounting challenge by the **Road**

Photos by Jeremy Tepper, Jimmy Papa, Bill Otten, and Cathy Dixson

WRESTLING'S ROUND-UP

A monthly report on all the latest happenings in the world of Professional Wrestling . . .

Warriors for their NWA World's Tag-Team Title. **Precious Paul Ellering** has privately stated that the tag belts would go rather nicely with the Warriors' new studded outfits. . . .

There is no more "Pistol" **Pez Whatley,** there is now only **"Shaska,"** who takes his name from a primitive Ugandan tribe. The transformation occurred when **Jimmy Valiant** referred to Whatley as a "fine black athlete," which triggered Whatley to take a scissor to Valiant's beard. Now "Shaska" has joined forces with **Konga the Barbarian, Teijo Khan,** and **Baron Von Raschke** in the stable of villainous manager **Paul Jones**. . . .

Konga the Barbarian has been joined by "Shaska" Pez Whatley.

Nikita Koloff continues to challenge **Magnum T.A.** for the U.S. Heavyweight Title, while **Dusty Rhodes** hope to regain the National Title for **Tully Blanchard**. . . .

"Wrestlerock," an AWA spectacular slated for the Minneapolis Metrodome, promises to be one of the top cards of the year. One of the featured matches pits **King Kong Brody** and **The Barbarian** against **Greg Gagne** and **Superfly Snuka** in a steel cage, with the stipulation that if Gagne and Snuka win, **Verne Gagne** will get five minutes alone with **Sheik Adnan Al Kaissey.** Other wrestlers scheduled to appear include: **Stan Hansen, Nick Bockwinkel,** the **Road Warriors, Harley Race, Rick Martel, Sgt. Slaughter, Windham** and **Rotundo,** and a special wrestling match with boxing gloves between **Larry Zbyszko** and referree **Scott LeDoux.** On top of this, the wrestling card will be followed by a **Waylon Jennings** concert, and a rumoured appearance by **Prince.** Look for coverage of this massive event in next month's WME. . . .

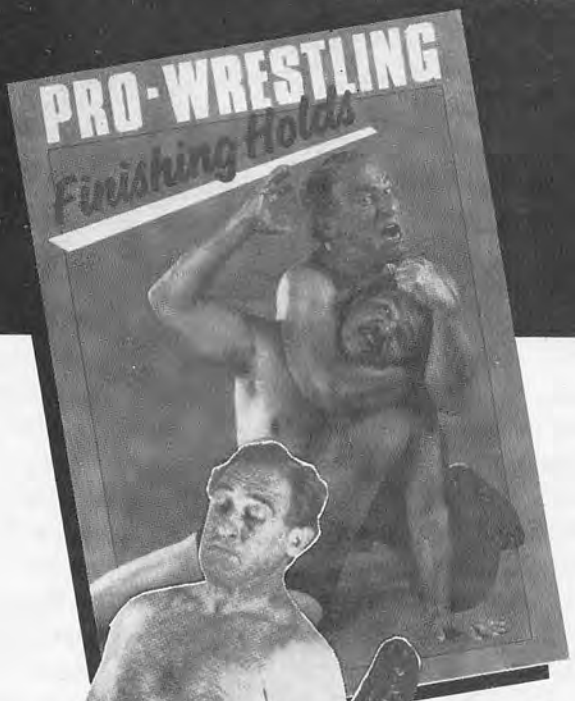
Stan Hansen has stomped all challengers to his AWA Heavyweight Crown.

AWA fans may be wondering why pro football player **Leon White** got a title shot at **Stan Hansen** in New Jersey's Meadowlands? Well, we're wondering too. Unless the AWA hopes to cash in on some of the wrestling/football publicity drummed up by "WrestleMania 2" there's no way White should be considered a top contender to the AWA title. On the other hand, if White works his way up from the bottom like everyone else he may have a promising wrestling career ahead of him. . . .

Two of the most popular wrestlers in the AWA are **Marty Janetty** and **Shawn Michaels,** also known as the **Midnight Rockers,** while two of the least popular are South African **Colonel DeBeers** and "Playboy" **Buddy Rose,** who is being accompanied at ringside by former Ladies Champion **Sherri Martel**. . . .

The first film venture for Sgt. Slaughter, *Bad Guys,* was a big flop at

LeBell Breaks the Sports Barrier!



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WRESTLING'S ROUND-UP

A monthly report on all the latest happenings in the world of Professional Wrestling . . .

Lance Von Erich is the new World Class Television Champion.

the box office but should be available on home video soon. It will be interesting to see how *Wise Guys* starring **Captain Lou Albano** will fare in movie theaters. . . .

Since declaring **Rick Rude** their own World's Champion, all World Class Wrestling stars have been removed from WME's official NWA ratings, leaving quite a vacuum where the **Von Erich** boys used to be. . . .

Speaking of the Von Erichs, **Lance Von Erich** has captured the world Class Television Title last held by **Buddy Roberts** (see related story on previous Round Up pages), meanwhile **Brian Adias** has defeated **The Grappler** for the Texas Title. . . .

The Mid-South wrestling area has announced that it will now be referred to as the Universal Wrestling Federation, or UWF. Mid South president **Bill Watts** will assume duties as the chief executive officer of the UWF. . . .

UWF North American Champion **Dick Slater** is being challenged by **Koko B. Ware.** "Mr. Unpredictable" had better watch out for the equally unpredicatable "Birdman". . . .

Ted DiBiase and "Dr. Death" **Steve Williams** have regained the UWF Tag-Team Titles, and recently defended them against the **Kiwi Sheepherders**. . . .

Other stars in the UWF include **Terry Taylor, Buzz Sawyer,** and **Tarras Bulba,** who is being managed by "Hot Stuff" **Eddie Gilbert**. . . .

On the Florida scene, **Lex Lugar** maintains a firm hold on the Southern Championship, and has also added the Florida Television Title to his ever-growing list of accomplishments. Lugar was recently joined by World Class Champion **Rick Rude** and his manager **Percy Pringle** for several tag-team appearances in Florida. . . .

Kendall Windham has regained his Florida Title from the **Cuban Assassin,** while "Haitian Sensation" **Tyrie Pride** has regained the Bahamas Title from preliminary wrestler **Jerry Grey**. . . .

Barry Windham has temporarily cooled off his feud with **Kevin Sullivan** to pursue the NWA World's Heavyweight Championship. In one strange twist, however, Windham pinned Sullivan cohort **Maha Singh** with a garbage can in a special Bunkhouse Match where falls counted anywhere in the arena. You don't see that too often!. . . .

Also appearing in Florida are **Kendo Nagasaki** and the **White Ninja,** who has switched to a rulebreaking style. These two are being managed by **Sir Oliver Humperdink** and are giving the **Fabulous Ones** a really hard time. . . . .

That's all for now, we'll see you again next month! ■

Barry Windham pins Maha Singh with a trash can in one of wrestling's most unusual moments.

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"Box"-Seats for "WrestleMania 2!"

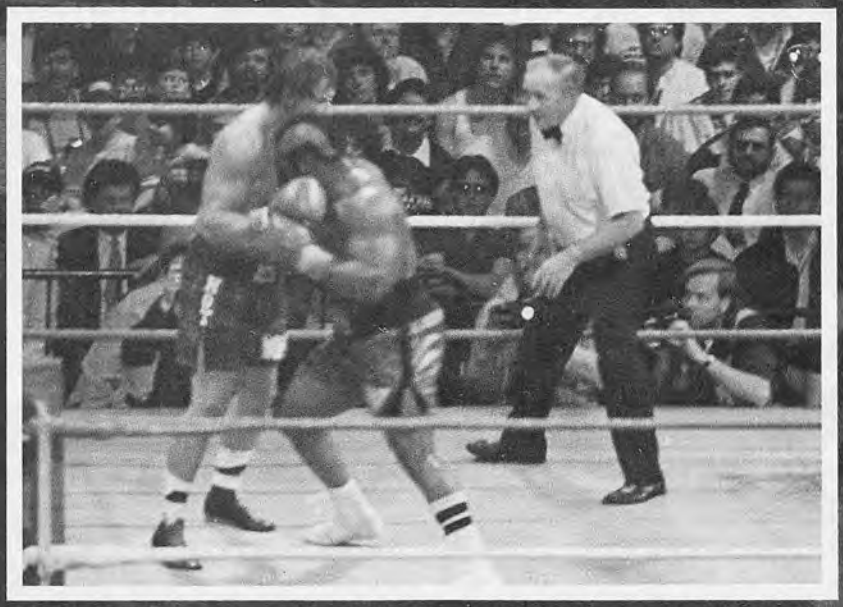
Of all the featured matches at the three-ring circus known as "WrestleMania 2," the most glaring exception to wrestling's best interests was the 10-round boxing match between Mr. T and "Rowdy" Roddy Piper.

If anyone had really expected the match to go the distance, however, they were certainly in for a shock. After trading punches for three tiring rounds, when the bell sounded for the fourth round to begin Roddy Piper defiantly charged Mr. T and toppled him with an old fashioned Bodyslam. Of course a wild melee ensued.

Why the WWF went out of their way to set up such a fracas, and to give it such an air of seriousness, is still a mystery. In addition to ring announcer Joan Rivers and Mr. T's coach Joe Frazier (pictured below), they also recruited "judges" such as G. Gordon Liddy, Darryl Dawkins, and Cab Calloway. Evidently someone had forgotten that they were dealing with the unpredictable and irrepressible Roddy Piper, who always insists on doing things *his* way.

■ **JEREMY TEPPER**

Photos by John Barrett



Mr. T tried to use the peek-a-boo style in his boxing match with Roddy Piper, but wound up looking more like a rope-a-dope.

"The Dragon" Answers His Fans' Burning Questions:

STRAIGHT TALK WITH RICKY STEAMBOAT

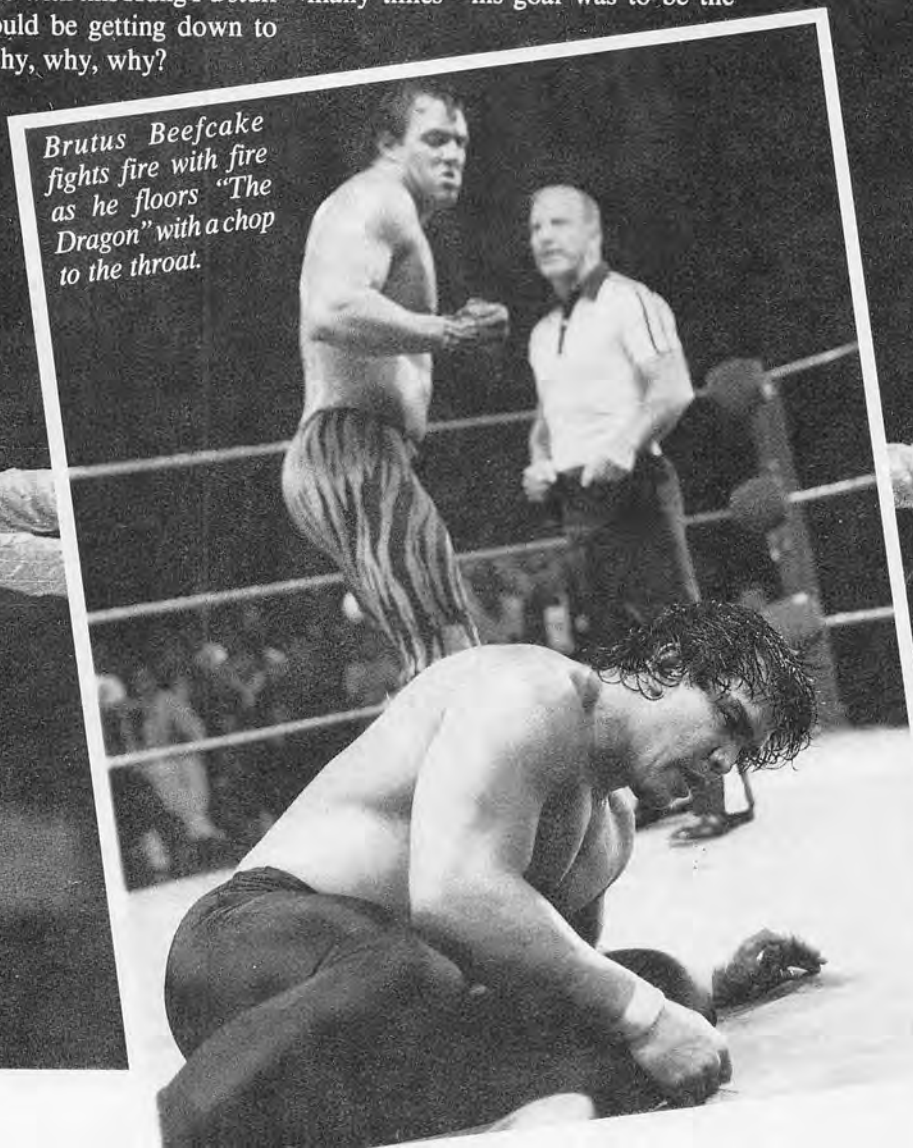
Martial Artist Defends His Ring Style

By MIKE EDISON

It's been nearly a year since Rick Steamboat came to the WWF and began his transformation into "The Dragon," and the mail keeps pouring in. Why, they all want to know, why is Rick Steamboat fooling around with this Kung Fu stuff when he should be getting down to wrestling? Why, why, why?

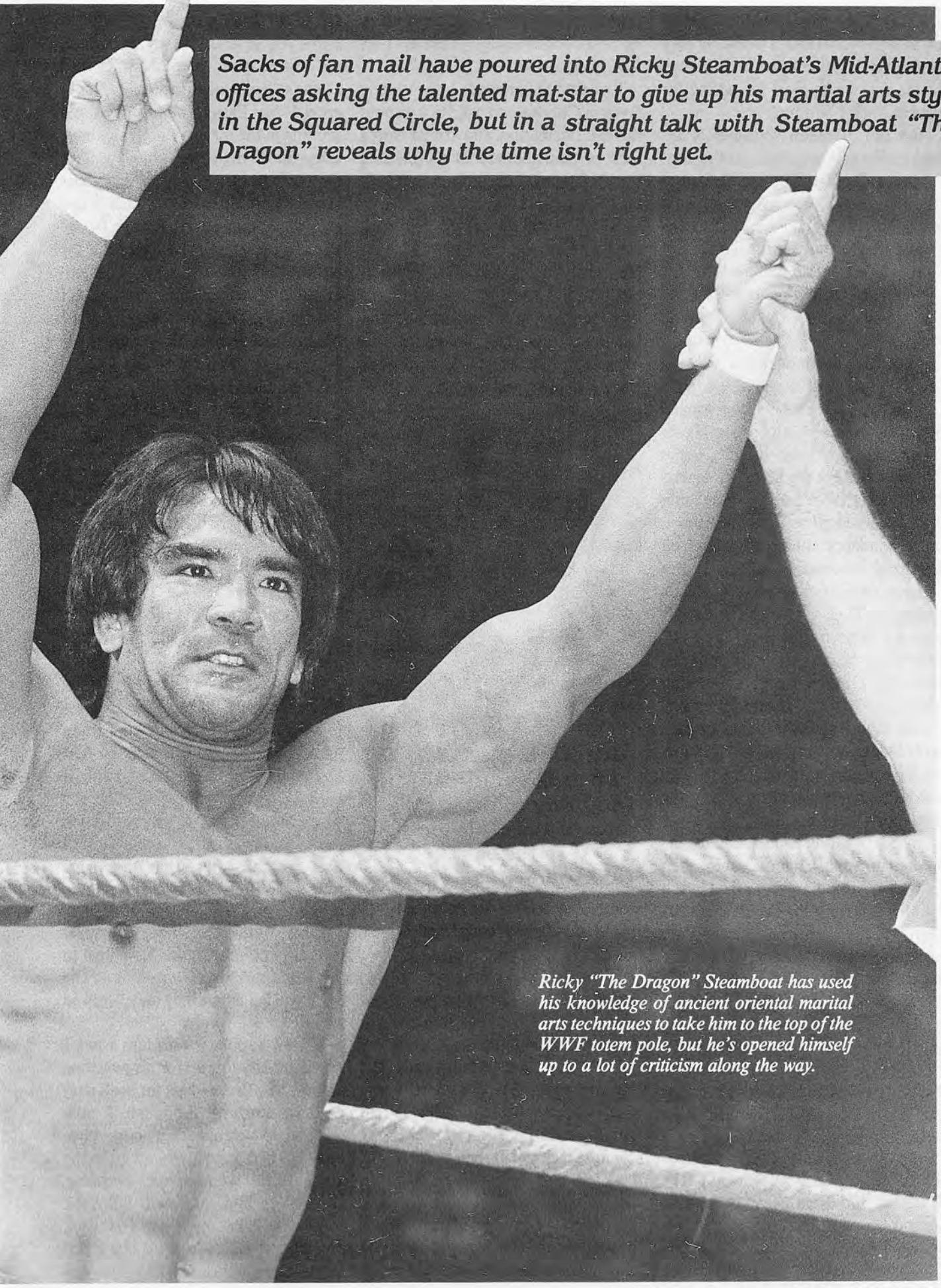
They used to ask why Rick Steamboat came to the WWF in the first place—he was on the heels of NWA Kingpin Ric Flair, just a slap of the mat away from becoming NWA World's Champion, when he made the move to wrestle under the World Wrestling Federation banner. He had said it many times—his goal was to be the NWA Champ. So why did he move on?

The answer to that is as fundamental as a Hip-Toss Armlock combination and it's no secret: he liked the color of their money.



Brutus Beefcake fights fire with fire as he floors "The Dragon" with a chop to the throat.

Sacks of fan mail have poured into Ricky Steamboat's Mid-Atlantic offices asking the talented mat-star to give up his martial arts style in the Squared Circle, but in a straight talk with Steamboat "The Dragon" reveals why the time isn't right yet.



Ricky "The Dragon" Steamboat has used his knowledge of ancient oriental marital arts techniques to take him to the top of the WWF totem pole, but he's opened himself up to a lot of criticism along the way.

Photos by John Barrett and Al Rivera

Okay. A man's got a right to cash in on his ability. Although wrestling may be forever, wrestlers are not. Who can blame the young man for opting for the big bucks! Not me.

But this "Dragon" business is another story entirely. As far as I'm concerned, and judging by the *thousands* of letters WME gets regarding Rick Steamboat, this chop suey baloney is pure hooey, a bunch of malarkey not suited for a double feature with the *worst* Chuck Norris picture, let alone the sacred confines of the wrestling ring.

I saw Rick Steamboat on *TNT* visiting the "Bridge of Tranquilty." I was not impressed. That bridge looked about as tranquil as a poo-poo platter on an empty stomach. If that's where The Steamer got his Kung Fu secrets he's in a lot more trouble than I am, and I learned how to write from a correspondence course advertised on the inside of a match book.

Some months ago I spoke with Rick Steamboat in his dressing room, shortly after he came to the WWF and just before he began his transformation into The Dragon, and I asked him about forsaking his World's Title aspirations. Knowing full well that a match with Hogan was out of the question, WWF promoters preferring to sign notorious rulebreakers to wrestle the ever-popular champion, his only chance at wearing some gold was the Intercontinental Championship, then held by Greg Valentine. I asked him if he was lowering his standards—certainly the ICC Belt would be a modest accomplishment compared to Ric Flair's prestigious title.

"A man's got to do what a man's got to do," Ricky told me. He didn't say much else. These were the words of a troubled young man and I knew he had already caught a lot of flak just for coming to the WWF. The fans in the Mid-Atlantic missed him dearly.

And then, surprise of all surprises, Tito regained the ICC Belt from The Hammer and Rick Steamboat's title aspirations crumbled like a stale fortune cookie. It was time for Ricky Steamboat to sit down and reflect, to meditate on his career, and somewhere far beyond the backlots of the *TNT* set The Dragon was born.

I went to Steamboat's Mid-Atlantic Gym in Charlotte to ask Ricky about this transformation, and armed with a sack of mail the size of King Kong Bundy I planned to confront him with the pleas of his fans.

His office at the gym (which is being run by his assistants while Ricky is on the road) was modest and comfortable, befitting a young man. The walls were adorned with momorabilia of a successful career, but, unlike the offices of Ric Flair or J.J. Dillon, there was no wet bar, and even worse, there

RICKY STEAMBOAT: "I will never forsake my training in the martial arts or the philosophies of the east."

were no ashtrays. I sat on the edge of my leather-bound chair and heaved the sack of mail onto his desk.

"I know," Ricky told me. "This is nothing. Downstairs I've got about forty times this much mail and most of it says the same thing."

"The fans want to know why The Dragon, right? They want to know what happened to the Rick Steamboat who wrestled Flair for an hour using scientific technique, right?"

"Well . . ." He folded his hands in front of him. "Yes," he resigned, "and it hurts too. I love my fans. . . Their support means the world to me. . . I value them tremendously, but a man's got to do what a man's got to do. I know you've heard me say that before, but listen, Rick Steamboat is The Dragon. Right now in my life, that's crucial. My Eastern philosophies and training in the martial disciplines have taken the drivng wheel while I wait for the Earth to turn and provide a transcendental solstice from which I can regain the optimism I had when I came to the Federation. The Kung-Fu, the techniques I am using, are only a manifestation of my situation. As long as I am forced to battle the Darkness of the Magnificent Muraco, I will draw my powers from the Yin to his Yang. I have no other choice."

I hadn't expected to find Rick Steamboat so enlightened to the spiritual world but it pleased me. For the first time I understood The Dragon, from whence he came and why he was, and I was delighted to discover that the tomfoolery was in the eye of the beholder.

"So we can expect to see Rick Steamboat return to a more scientific approach as soon as, uh, the solstice comes?"

"Yes. I will never forsake my training in the martial arts or the philosophies of the east, but there will come a time when although I will be The Dragon in my heart and soul, I will be Rick Steamboat in the ring. This is a tough time for me," Ricky glanced at the pile of mail lying on the floor, "I need my fans more than ever right now. I promise I won't let them down."

I asked him if he could anticipate the "solstice" and hence his return to the fundamentals of wrestling. "The cards will fall where they may," he told me. He smiled wanly.

I know I spoke for his fans when I expressed enthusiasm for his wrestling ability and a Bronx cheer for the Kung-Fu shannanigans. Although I now understand steamboat's metamorphosis into The Dragon, when I go to the arena I still want to see *wrestling.* Hopefully, "the cards will fall," the solstice will be upon us, and Rick Steamboat will trade in his black belt for his mat-skills of old. ■

Dusty Rhodes' best days are behind him, if you believe National Champion Tully Blanchard and J.J. Dillon—who've been joined by Ric Flair in their movement to get the "American Dream" to retire from Professional Wrestling!

The Party's Over for the "American Dream!"

BLANCHARD AND DILLON AGREE: *"DUSTY RHODES MUST RETIRE NOW!!"*

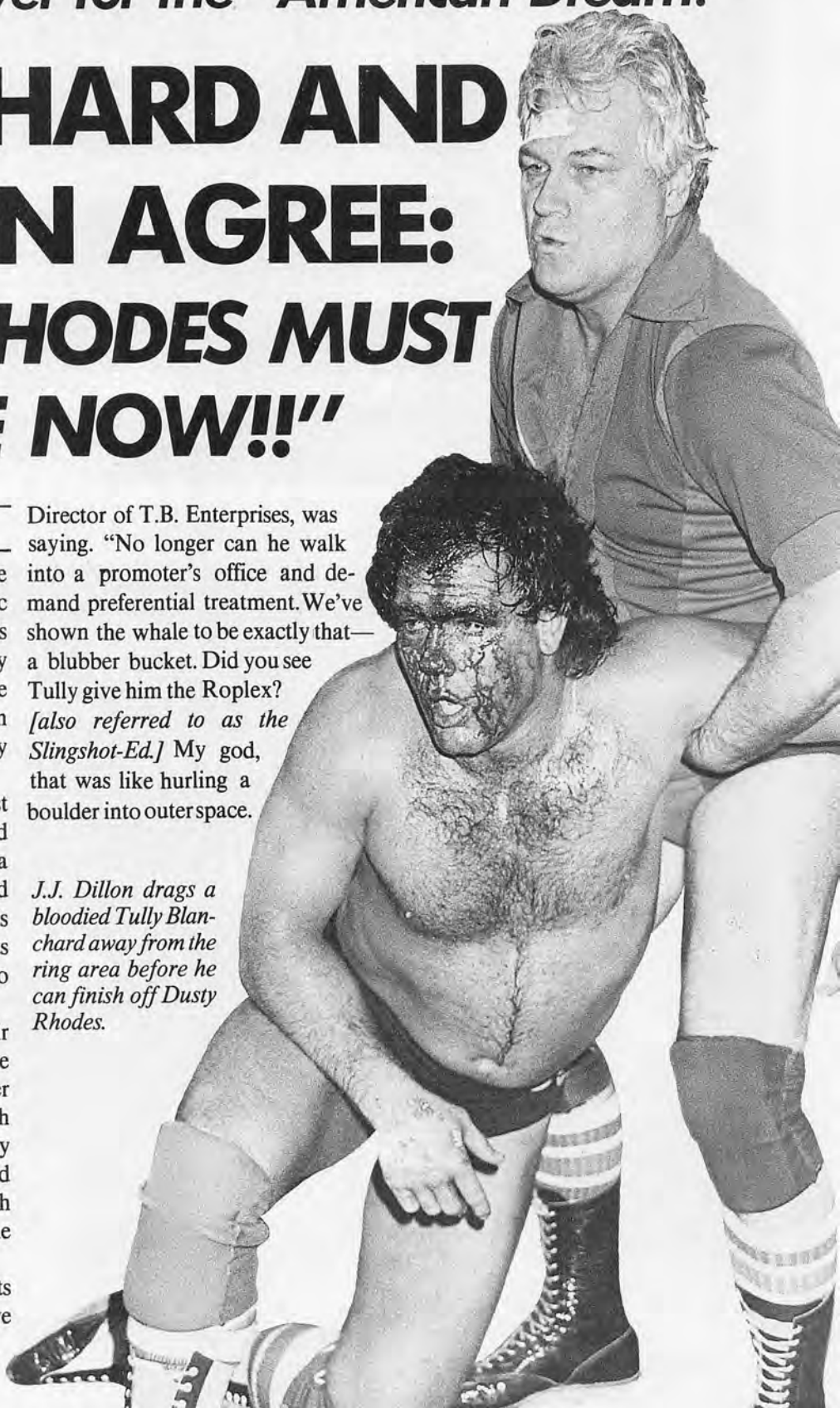
By ART BURNS

It's high time porky threw in the towel and called it quits." Ric Flair agreed and clinked his champagne glass against Tully Blanchard's. *"WHOOOOO!!!!"* He didn't have to say much more than that. This was a party for Dusty Rhodes' retirement.

It was a wing-ding of the highest order. The offices of Tully Blanchard Enterprises had been converted into a small night club—disco lights and groovy tunes, the champagne and suds were flowing easily, and the pate was almost gone. These men know how to celebrate, all the time!

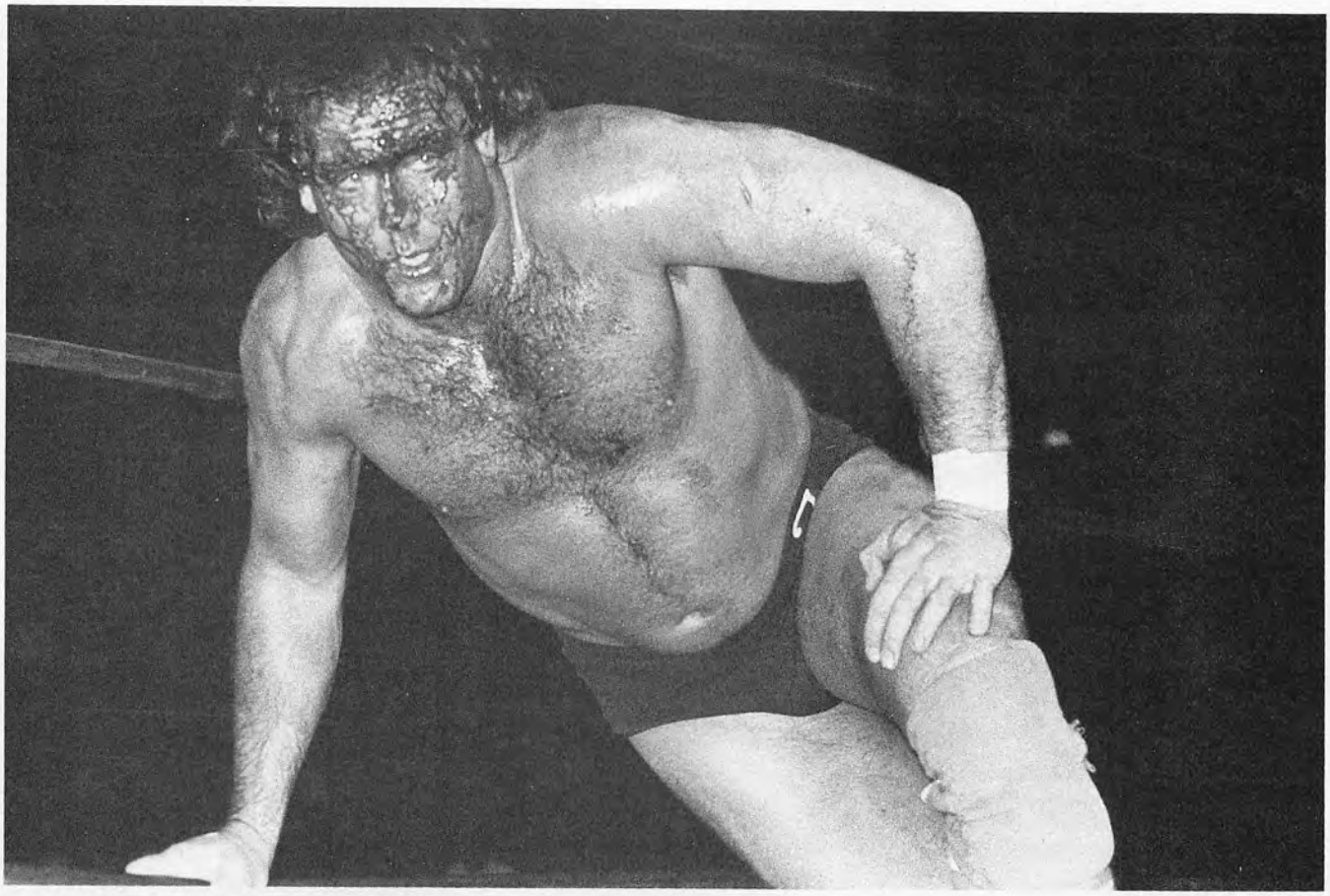
"I have fun everyday," Ric Flair was telling one reporter. "Everywhere I go I have fun—just one party after another." True. It's been over a month since Flair helped Tully KO Dusty Rhodes for the National Title and they're still partying, still slapping each other's backs, and still feeding "The Dream" plenty of abuse.

"Dusty should've called it quits years ago," J.J. Dillon, Administrative Director of T.B. Enterprises, was saying. "No longer can he walk into a promoter's office and demand preferential treatment. We've shown the whale to be exactly that—a blubber bucket. Did you see Tully give him the Roplex? *[also referred to as the Slingshot-Ed.]* My god, that was like hurling a boulder into outer space.

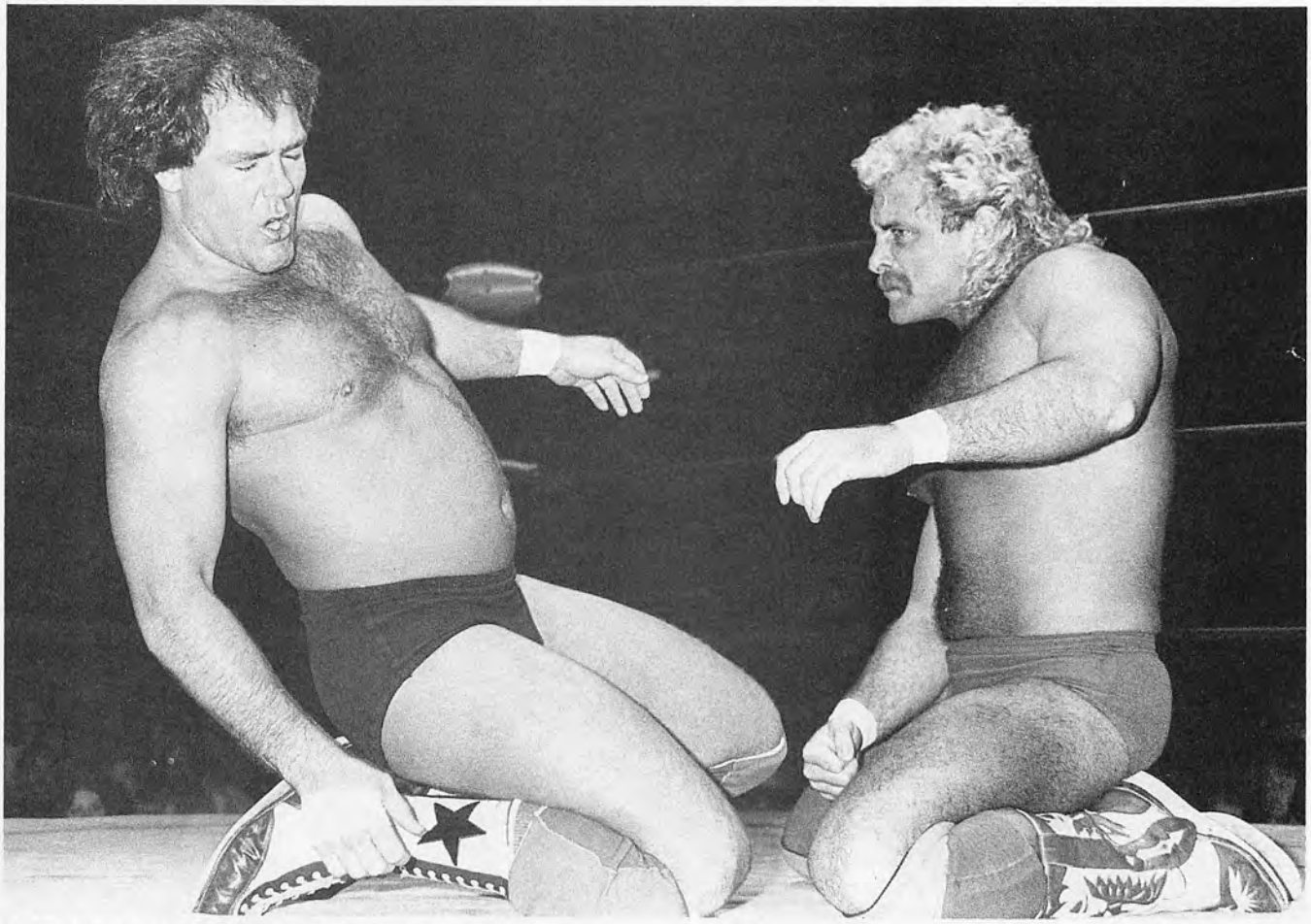


J.J. Dillon drags a bloodied Tully Blanchard away from the ring area before he can finish off Dusty Rhodes.

Photos by Cathy Dixson



A blood-soaked Tully Blanchard plots his next offensive against the "American Dream" (above), and puts his National Title up against Magnum T.A.'s United States Championship (below).



Yup, Tully Blanchard may not be the brawniest man in the sport, but he's gifted with natural strength of the superhuman order."

Tully waded through a jungle of long, nylon legs and patted his manager on the back. "Did he retire yet?"

"I'm not sure. Maybe I should give Crockett a call."

"No class," Ric Flair added. "That man has no class. Here we are, the elite of NWA, the greatest Professional Wrestling organization in the free world—throwing ol' fat boy a party and he hasn't even shown up." He pulled a gold pocket watch from his jacket and dangled it in the air. "I may have to keep this for myself."

They laughed and chortled and flirted into the night. It didn't seem like Dusty was going to show up, and no, it doesn't look like he's going to retire.

Despite the loss of the National Belt, and despite all of the torn hearts and bally-hoo surrounding Baby Doll, Dusty will apparently keep on trucking. But he can't go on without at least a bit of humiliation.

He's a man without a belt, and in a world where a belt means extra digits on the income and extra women on the arms, it's gotta hurt a man who has grown accustomed to making the Championship Scene. As Ric Flair pointed out with great relish, all of the major NWA belts are currently held by rulebreakers. Tully, The Midnight Express, Arn Anderson, and of course the World's Heavyweight Champion, the "Original Nature Boy" himself. That leaves only the U.S. Title held by arch-nemesis Magnum T.A. Ric didn't even bring him up, but regardless, he was right. The rulebreakers do have a stranglehold on the NWA's collection of silver and gold, and perennial most-popular and always pending champ, Dusty Rhodes, has doodly-squat. Plenty of reason for a party.

One of Mr. Dillon's lackeys, a college-aged punk wearing silver-tipped cowboy boots and a Tully Blanchard t-shirt, was passing around an official looking piece of parchment and soliciting signatures. It was a petition beckoning Dusty to retire for his own good. (Anyone wishing to add their names to the petition can write to Tully Blanchard Enterprises c/o Wrestling's MAIN EVENT). Everyone at the party signed except for a few journalists trying to maintain some aura of objectivity.

Tully Blanchard uses a ring announcer's microphone to silence Magnum T.A., and hopes he won't have to hear from Dusty Rhodes anymore either.

"Obviously," Mr. Dillon was saying, "Humpty Dumpty doesn't have the scruples to know when his time is up. So we're sort of helping him out, as a friendly gesture—just like we're throwing this party for him. We'd just *hate* to see Dusty be humiliated any further . . . " He smiled slyly but he didn't mention just who exactly he was petitioning. The World Championship areas promoters aren't likely to take it too seriously, despite the import of Ric Flair's John Hancock.

Dusty Rhodes is a former World's Champion and has held almost every major title at some point in his career. It's going to take a lot more than a few signatures to make him give it all up. Certainly, Tully Blanchard Enterprises is an effective propaganda agency, but only the gullible and more romantic rulebreaking fans think that they're close to achieving their goal of putting "The Dream" out of the sport. But the party went on, some girls jumped out of a cake and showered Tully with kisses, and the parchment was slowly covered with names. Dusty never did make it to his "retirement party," and it'll probably be a long time before he does. It looks like Ric's going to have to take good care of his watch after all. ■

The Sheik's Secret Weapon!

"King Kong" Bruiser Brody

Storms into the AWA!

Sheik Adnan Al-Kaissey has spared no earthly expense in assembling his impressive "Army," and his crown jewel is "King Kong" Bruiser Brody—an irrepressible madman guaranteed to keep AWA fans on the edge of their seats!

By ART BURNS

Sheik Adnan Al-Kaissey is a frustrated man, frustrated because despite the ferocious array of maniacs in his stable, he has not been able to cop any of the AWA's coveted titles—and for the love of Allah, he can't figure it out. Surely the Barbarian is as powerful a beast as any and Boris Zuchoff is a fine technician if not the brawniest grappler around, but they are coming up empty handed, bettered by the likes of Sgt. Slaughter, and the Gagne clan, and their perennial arch enemy, the boulder of a man Crusher Blackwell. It's making the Sheik sick to his stomach.

"I have to drink lots of camel's milk," he told me over brunch. "Keeps my ulcer under control. You know, Mr. MAIN EVENT Wrestling Magazine, that it is not easy to handle these men. Their will is so very strong as are their bodies." He sipped the gray lactose and tossed a fig into his mouth. "Mmmm—you are not here to discuss my ulcer, though, you are here to talk about wrestling and no doubt to talk about the most feared man in the sport, Mr. Brody." That was right. Bruiser Brody, or "King Kong" Brody, if you prefer, has finally, after months of heated negotiations, made it back to AWA territory under the managerial reigns of Sheik Adnan Al-Kaissey.

"Yes, every reporter in the world wants the Brody story. His reputation preceeds him. He is the wildest man in wrestling today." He smiled as very well he should, Brody is not only an asset to any stable, he could constitute an entire stable himself. Brody's a real life threat to anybody foolish enough to take him on, and his box office power is only topped by the crunching he delivers in the ring. Not only is he one of the most feared men in the sport, but he is one of the most in demand athletes in the world, choosing to spend most of his time between the Orient and the Carribbean, where the money flows like so such Saki and the women, well . . .

"Did you see *Harum Scarum* on TV last night? It's one of my favorites—Elvis plays a sheik. It gave me an idea. I should play Elvis in a movie." I felt the beginnings of my own ulcer and guided the conversation back to Brody.

Sheik Adnan-Al-Kaissey has assembled an impressive "Army" in the AWA.

The word is that he's the enforcer, strictly a mercenary mind you, hired to pull the Gagne thorn out of the Sheik's paw and to stomp on the mammoth Crusher.

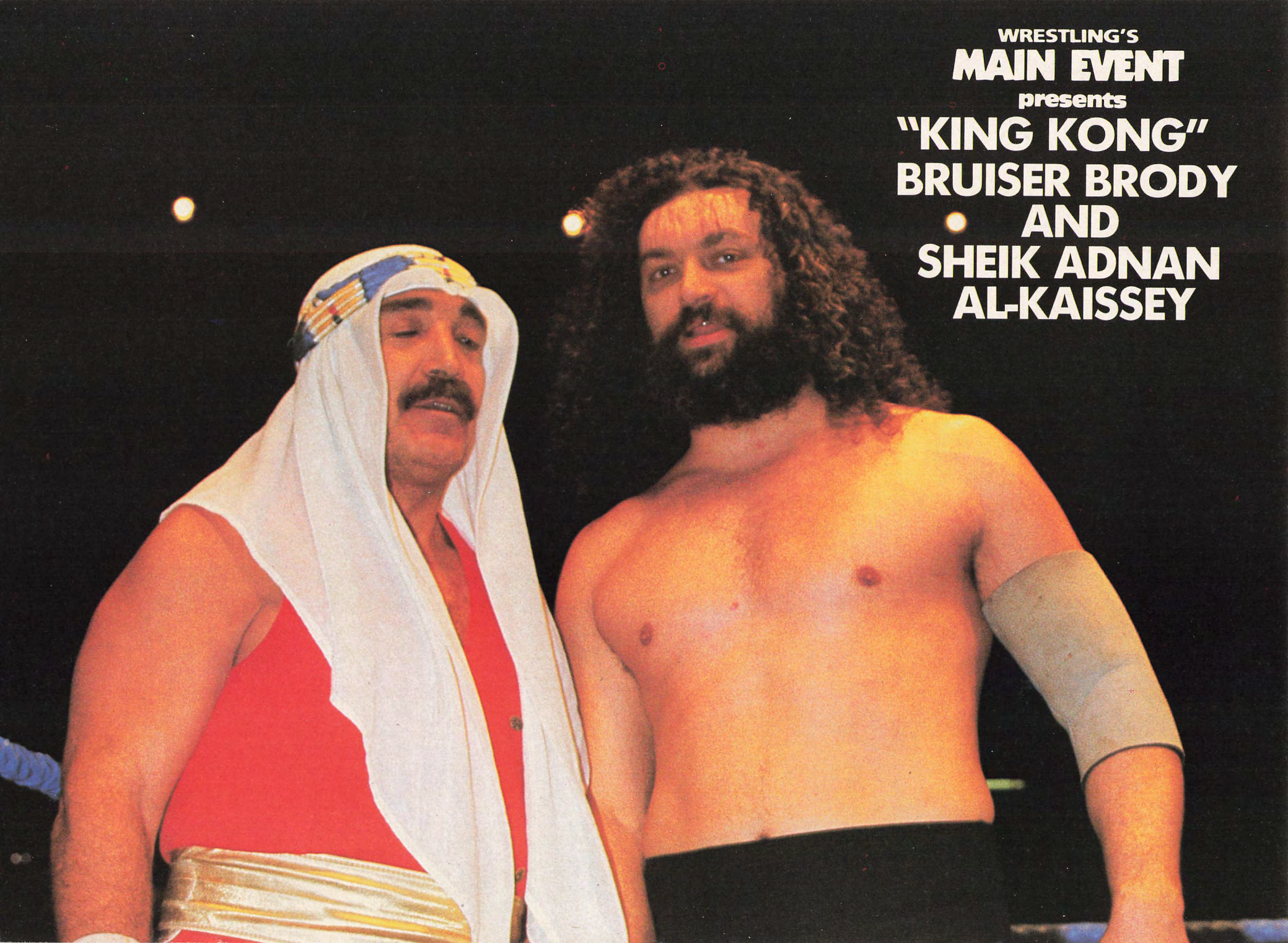
"He doesn't come cheap," The Sheik told me and chucked another fig under his moustache, but what a feather in my bernoose!!! [*A bernoose is the traditional head-dress of a sheik—ed.]* Every manager with a few thousand dollars wants to buy the talents of King Kong Brody, but it took my extraordinary wealth to secure the man's signature." I pictured his name scribbled maniacally across a piece of parchment—a covenant promising broken limbs and crushed skulls, a contract so much like the ones used by organized crime to extinguish "undesirables."

"I have no fear," The Sheik went on. "That little Greg and his old man will never be able to harm me or any of the men in my stable. Ha! They are trying to negotiate a match where they can get me in the ring if they defeat my men, they are so sad, so very sad. Do they actually think they can get past the Barbarian? And what of Boris Zuchoff? No. And now with King Kong Brody in my army . . ." He let loose with an evil Middle Eastern guffaw and flattened a fig with the palm of his hand.

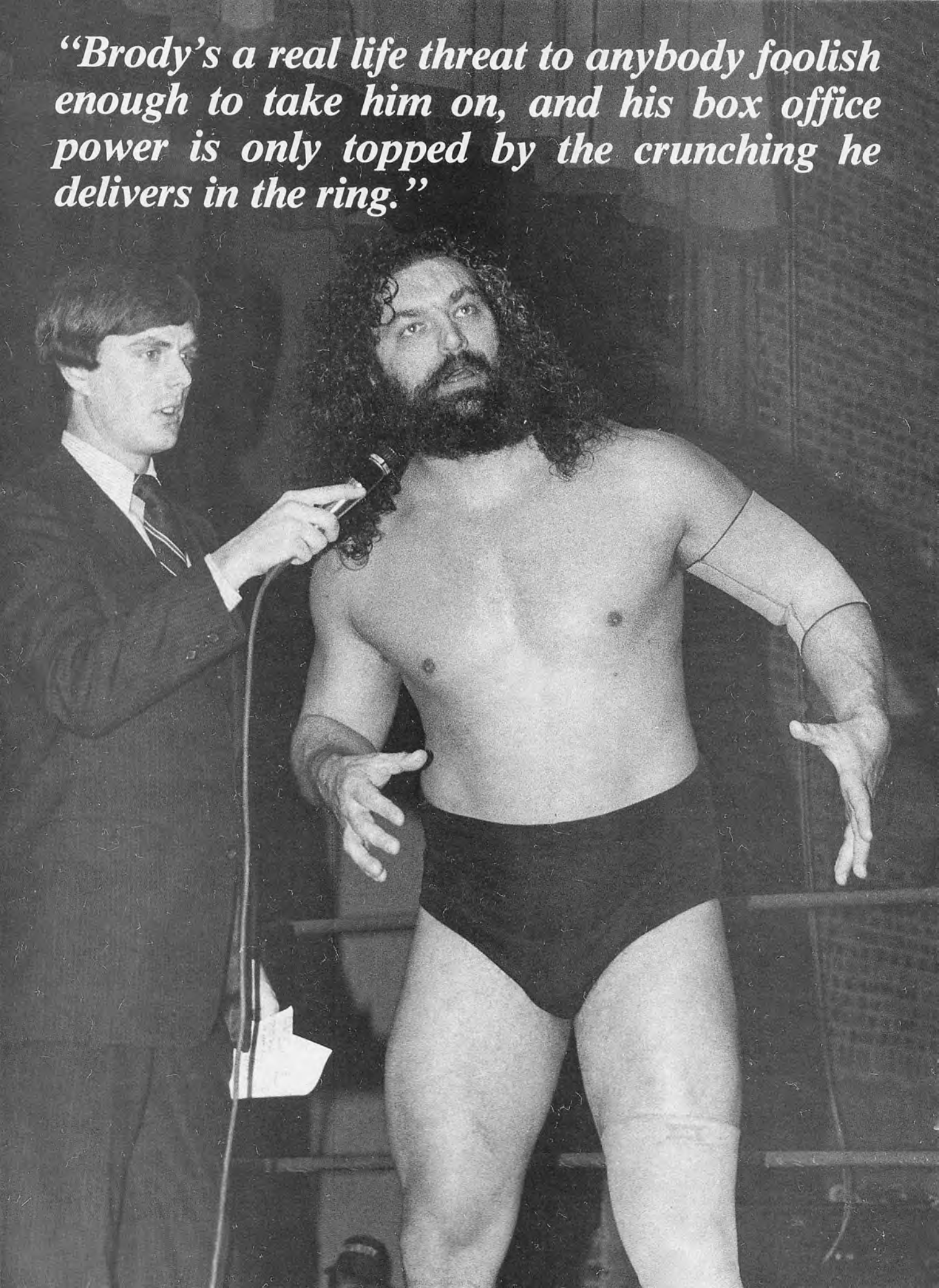
There is no denying that Al-Kaissey's army is intimidating, in fact he may have the most dangerous stable in all of wrestling, certainly in the AWA. But Crusher Blackwell is not running. Sgt. Slaughter is not running. And Greg and his dad, who runs the promotion, are only too eager to battle The Sheik's men, especially if it will afford them a few minutes with The Sheik. Alone.

On a recent edition of *Pro Wrestling USA* where Al-Kaissey was scheduled to wrestle, a masked Brody entered the

Photos by Jimmy Papa

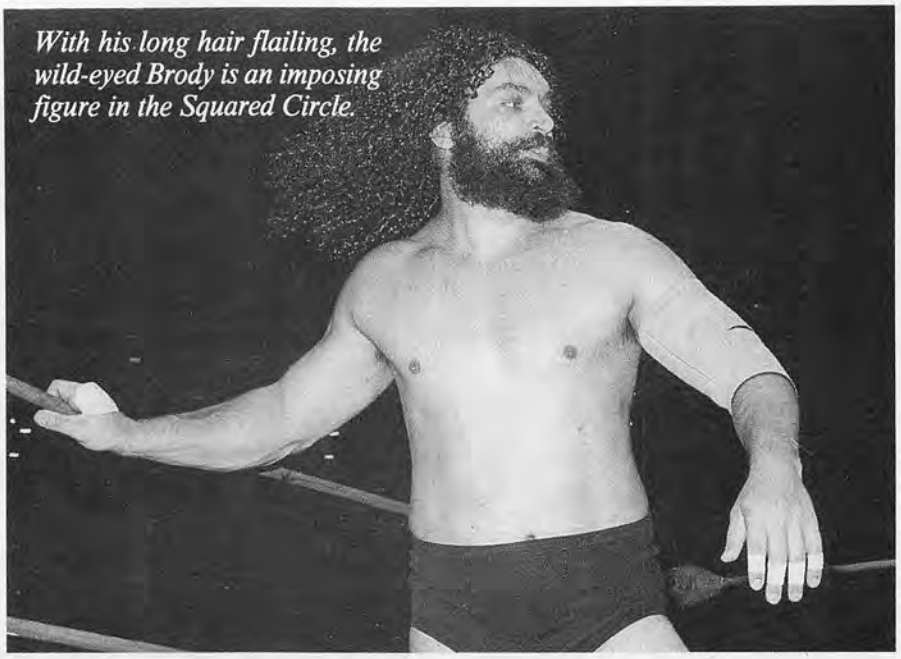

WRESTLING'S
MAIN EVENT
presents
"KING KONG"
BRUISER BRODY
AND
SHEIK ADNAN
AL-KAISSEY

"Brody's a real life threat to anybody foolish enough to take him on, and his box office power is only topped by the crunching he delivers in the ring."



ring and pounded the young man silly. Greg's attempt to stop the massacre bought him a Piledriver, and it was Verne who finally cleared house. Verne. He is not a young man, but apparently he's still got it together enough to chase Brody out of the ring, especially when there's family involved.

Surely Crusher Blackwell is a tougher challenge, and the pending matches pitting him against Brody are guaranteed to be battles of gigantic proportions, bloody and brutal, and no doubt awe inspiring to watch. A couple of years ago I had the great pleasure of watching Brody challenge Ric Flair for the NWA crown in St. Louis, and I must say it was perhaps the greatest match I have ever seen. Don't underestimate Brody's knowledge of legitimate wrestling maneuvers, his Suplex



With his long hair flailing, the wild-eyed Brody is an imposing figure in the Squared Circle.

THE SHEIK: "Every reporter in the world wants the Brody story."

is nothing but spine-splintering and he packs one of the most devastating Piledrivers of all time. Ask Greg Gagne. No, ask Ric Flair, who opted to be counted out of the ring that night.

With the twisted and evil mind of Sheik Adnan Al-Kaissey behind him, there's no telling just what this maniac is capable of, especially with sideman like Zuchoff and the Barbarian. Things were getting soaked in blood the second Stan Hansen came to the territory, but now that Brody is there too, there'll be plenty of broken bones to sautee in that crimson vino. His contract guarantees it.

The broken bones and blood of Old Man Gagne and his cronies," The Sheik told me after draining his glass of camel's milk, "are better for my ulcer than this disgusting stuff." He laughed heartily as he brushed the smashed fig off of his hands. ■

Thumbs down is how Brody rates nearly all of his opponents, including Crusher Blackwell and other AWA fan favorites.

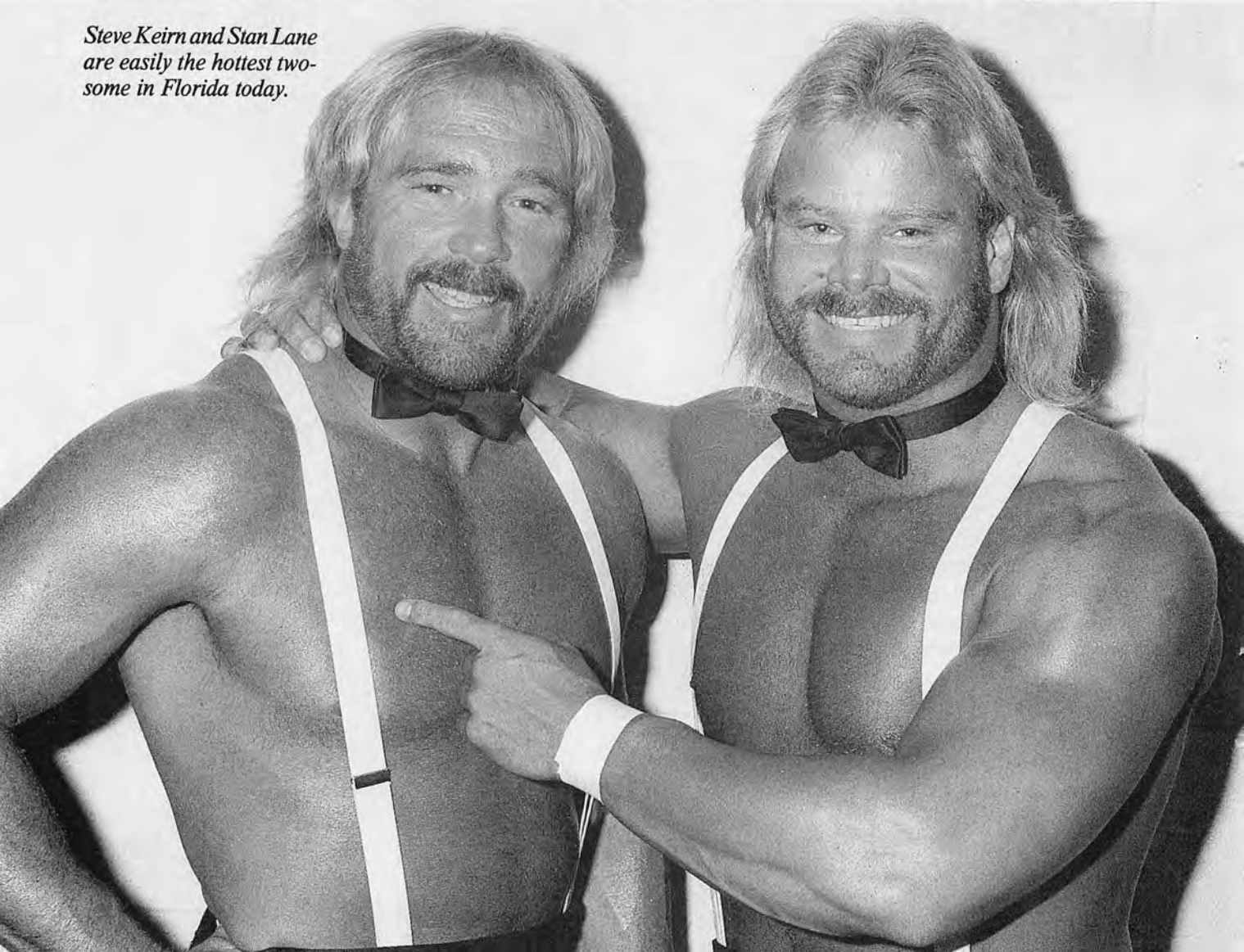
Stan and Steve Soak Up The Sunshine!

THE FABULOUS ONES FIRE UP FLORIDA!!

By MONICA LISBEN

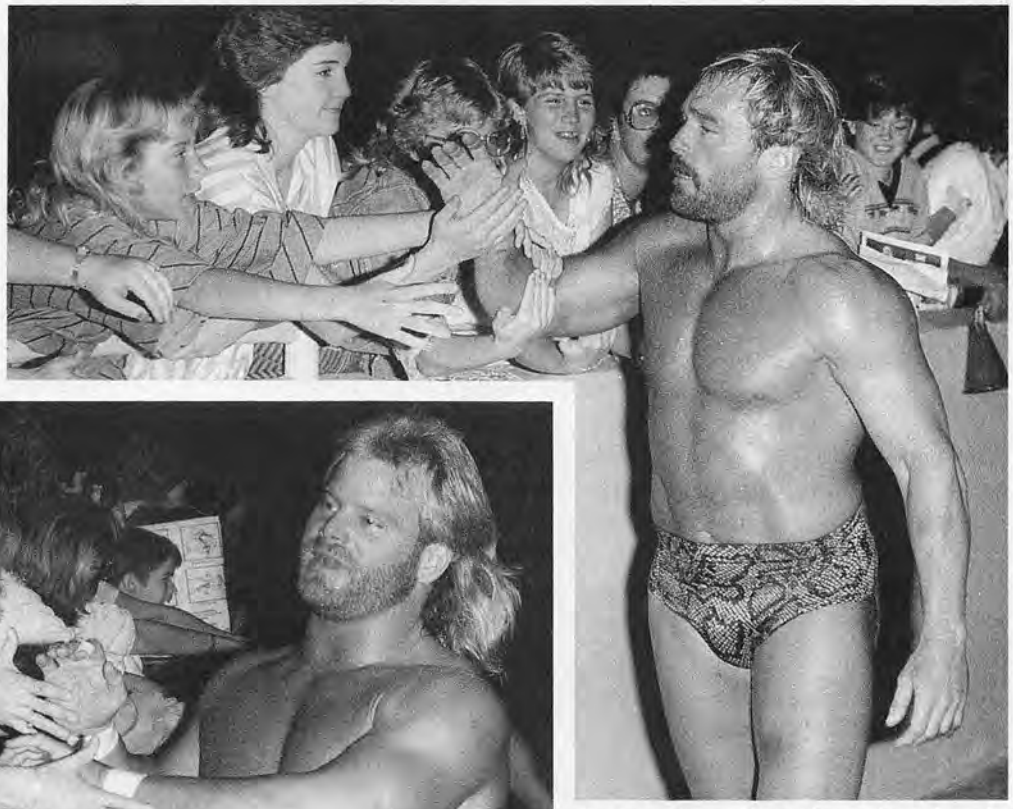
I hate Mike Edison, and his buddy Art Burns is no better. Now I'm not what you'd call a feminist and I certainly don't spend my time crusading for women's rights—I like to be escorted by a man who knows the meaning of the word "gentleman" and I'll never burn my bra—but their chauvinist attitude stinks worse than their beer breath. Researching this article I foolishly decided to pick their brains for information, and was offered nothing but abuse as soon as they discerned my feelings about the Fabulous Ones.

Perhaps I was foolish for mentioning that I think The Fabs are "cute." Admittedly it was a poor choice of words, and certainly they are more

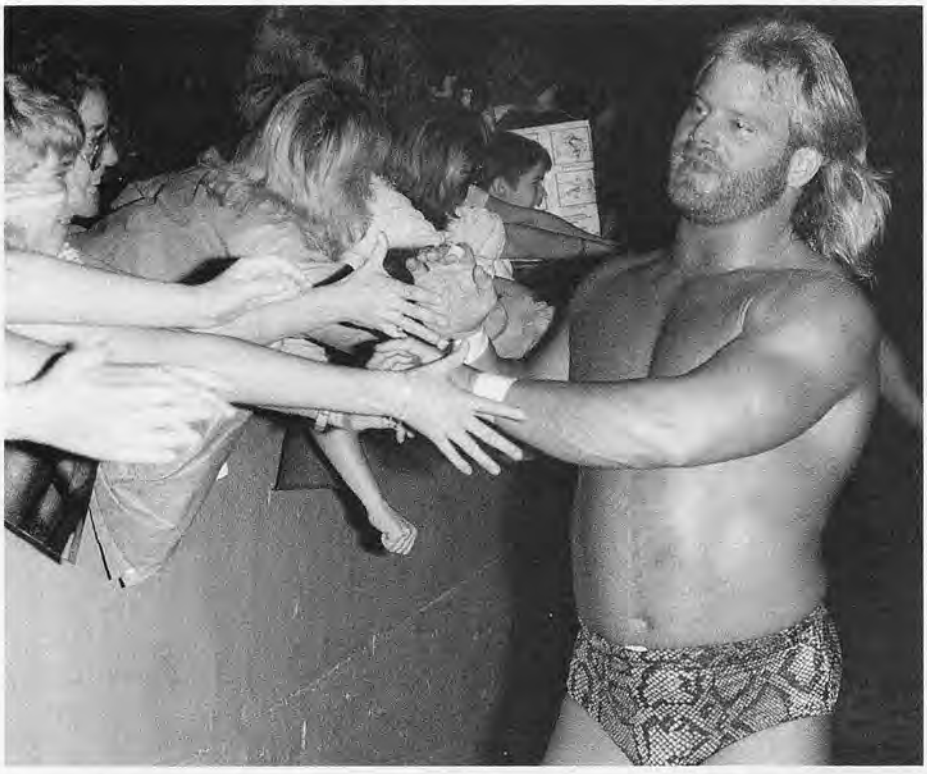


Steve Keirn and Stan Lane are easily the hottest twosome in Florida today.

Drifting from one wrestling region to another can take its toll on a hard-working tag-team like the Fabulous Ones, so Stan Lane and Steve Keirn decided to live life a little easier—and set themselves up on Florida's tropical mat-scene!



The Florida fans swoon in their seats and reach out for a piece of the Fabulous Ones as they strut to the ring in their snake-skin trunks.



Photos by Bill Otten

than just "cute," they're *very* attractive, and more importantly, they're a terrific tag-team.

"C'mon, "Edison pressed me, "you can't be serious—these guys are fruitcakes. Period."

"We don't like 'cute'," Art Burns agreed. "There's no place in wrestling for 'cute.'"

"Hey—I like that ad for the AWA wrestling dolls where the Fab dolls get beaten up by the Road Warrior dolls," Edison added, and then he crossed his arms across his chest and offered a defiant "Hurrummmfff!!" Gee—make the guy Associate Editor and he thinks he's the greatest wrestling aesthete since Plato.

Well, like I said, maybe I opened myself up after a poor choice of words, but if there's room for beasts like Abdullah the Butcher and sleazy horse-thieves like Terry Funk then there is certainly room for "cute." Especially when "cute" is Stan Lane and Steve Keirn, two men who have proven themselves time after time in the Squared Circle.

It wasn't so long ago that Stan and Steve were challenging the Road Warriors on the first few *Pro Wrestling USA* shows and holding their own just fine. Although they were unable to capture the AWA Tag-Team Championship, they did capture the admiration and respect of many fans, not just women who think they're sexy. They are perfectly dazzling to watch, more exciting than even the Rock-n-Roll Express. Their dropkicks are like lightning bolts, and their combination work is positively stunning!

Since vying for the AWA belts they've spent time in various regions, always successful, always giving the fans their money's worth in sheer excitement. Currently they are in Florida, perhaps the most underrated promotion in the business, and they are tangling with the evil Kendo Nagasaki

The Fabulous Ones are well-versed in scientific wrestling holds, as Stan Lane uses a Spinning Leglock to subdue Kevin Sullivan.

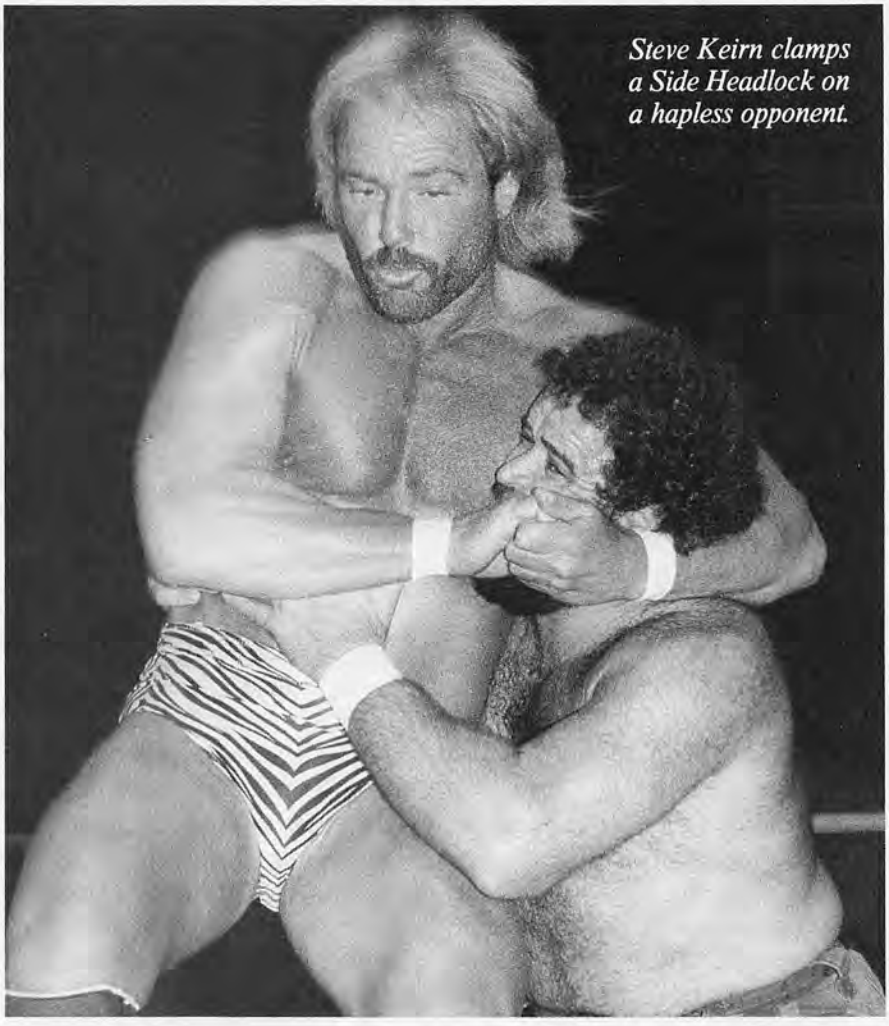
and his partner the mysterious and equally evil White Ninja, managed by veteran wrestling impressario Sir Oliver Humperdink.

In a brief telephone interview before a match, Steve and Stan both told me that this would be the year of the Fabulous Ones. "Things are good and they keep getting better," Stan told me. "Nagasaki and the Ninja are giving us a good work out but no real problems. It's Humperdink that's the problem—but I'm not complaining. We've had our problems over the last year, business things really, but we're back on the road to a World's Title. Look out baby, next thing you know we'll be the U.S. Champions and then, hopefully, we'll be able to challenge the Midnight Express for the NWA Tag-Team Championship of the World—this is definitely the year of the Fabulous Ones!!!"

"Hiya Monica, " Steve began. I had met him once at a wrestling card in Georgia, long before I became a professional journalist. "Still waiting for that date, baby! Remember?" I remembered—he had asked me out and I declined, thinking that if I was going to become a journalist I would have to remain objective and avoid such obvious conflicts of interest. But now that I work with Mike Edison and Art Burns, both of whom I've declined to go out with, I realize that not everyone feels a need to be objective. I am sorry I didn't take Steve up on that date. "Look," he told me, "the offer still stands." I feigned professionalism and asked him about the Fabulous Ones.

"We've never been hotter," he told me. "Never. Florida's a hot place, but not as hot as the Fabulous Ones. We're on fire." I asked him if he liked the Florida wrestling scene. "Oh yeah!! It's great down here!! It's really perfect for us, we've been moving around a lot over the last year, but this is a really good scene. We intend to take the vacant U.S. Title anyday now and then we'll just keep on truckin' until we're the World's Champs. This is it—this is the year of the Fabulous Ones!!!"

The Year of the Fabulous Ones sounds good to me. I know they would make fine World's Tag-Team Champions. But first things first. I have complete faith that they will be wearing the U.S. Belts before too long and be right back in contention for the World's Title. Oh, they are more than just "cute" alright, they are tops in tag-teams and they are ready to show the world, not to mention Mr. Edison and Mr. Burns. ■

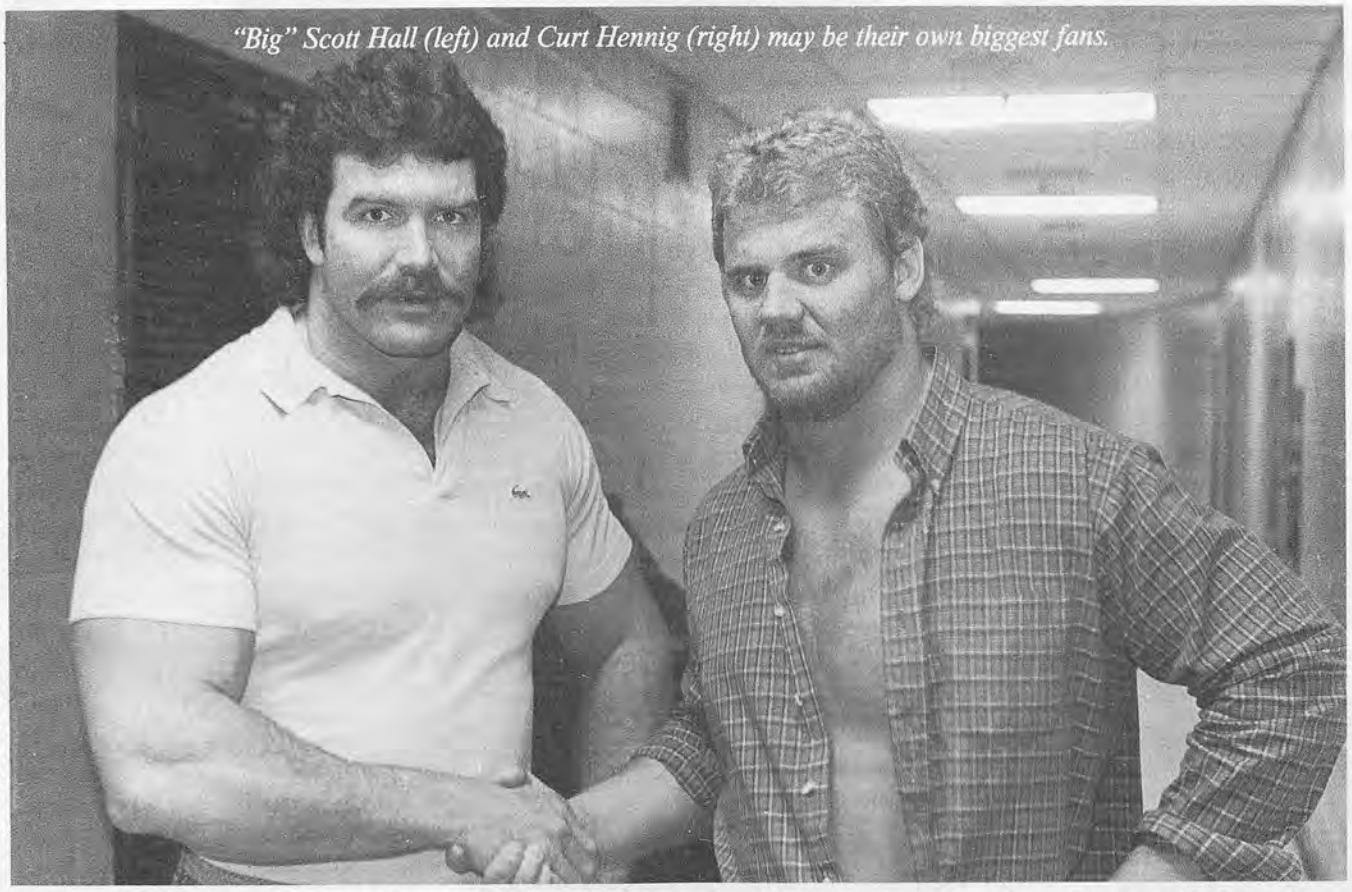


Steve Keirn clamps a Side Headlock on a hapless opponent.

NWA
World
Wrestling

AWA's Tedious Tag-Team Champions!

HOW BORING ARE SCOTT HALL AND CURT HENNIG?



"Big" Scott Hall (left) and Curt Hennig (right) may be their own biggest fans.

Photos by Tony Kush and Jeremy Tepper

They seem to have everything going for them—youth, size, strength, and skill—but Scott Hall and Curt Hennig are missing that certain something that drives wrestling fans wild!

By JAMES TABER

Have you ever sat around and watched as rocks turned to dust? Have you ever sat around and watched as metal turned to rust? Have you ever sat around and watched as ferns turned to carbon?

If you've ever witnessed any of these phenomena, then you'll probably understand how I feel at this moment. Right now I'm sitting around watching a plant produce oxygen. "Why," you may ask, "are you watching a plant make oxygen?" Easy, because I'm bored. I'm bored because I'm sitting in a dressing room waiting to get an interview with Big Scott Hall and Curt Hennig.

As I contemplate the plant before me my thoughts turn to Hall and Hennig's career as the AWA Tag-Team Champions. As if it wasn't bad enough that Steve Regal and Jimmy Garvin have already held the title this year, but now this!. I've heard of things going from bad to worse, but from wimpy to wimpier is even more horrifying!

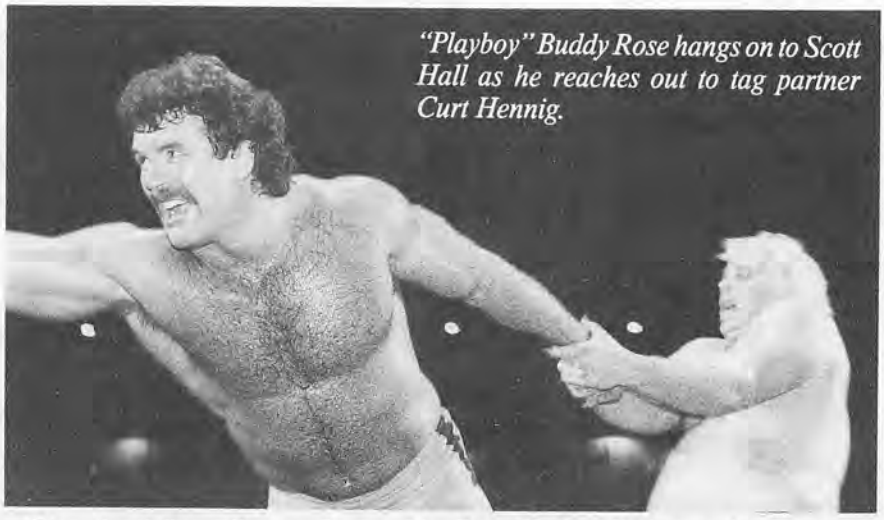
As individuals, Curt Hennig and Scott Hall have almost as much going for them as they do as the Tag-Team Champs.

Curt (whose father is the once-great Larry "The Axe" Hennig), has been

around the wrestling scene for some time now, and has recently been teaming with numerous partners in the hopes of finding "Mr. Right." After joining forces with the likes of Sgt. Slaughter, Greg Gagne, and a whole host of other wrestlers who were either bigger or better than him, Curt finally settled for Scott Hall. Formerly one half of the tag-team known as the "American Starship" with Barry Windham-clone Danny Spivey, Scott "Coyote" Hall had been making quite a name for himself as an up-and-coming young star in the AWA ranks. Fueled by his large size, good looks, and the zeal of the announcers, young Scott Hall had rocketed to stardom. Being touted as the "Tom Selleck of wrestling" and compared to the ever-popular Hulk Hogan assured Scott of even bigger things to come.

As a tag-team their stardom was also assured. What with the good old name of Hennig and the dynamic new Hall, it was only a matter of time before this duo got a shot at then Tag-Team Champs Regal and Garvin.

After a few non-title bouts ending in disqualifications the inevitable occurred. Hall and Hennig won the AWA Championship Belts in a grueling 58 minute bash-a-thon, sidelining Steve Regal in the process.



"Playboy" Buddy Rose hangs on to Scott Hall as he reaches out to tag partner Curt Hennig.

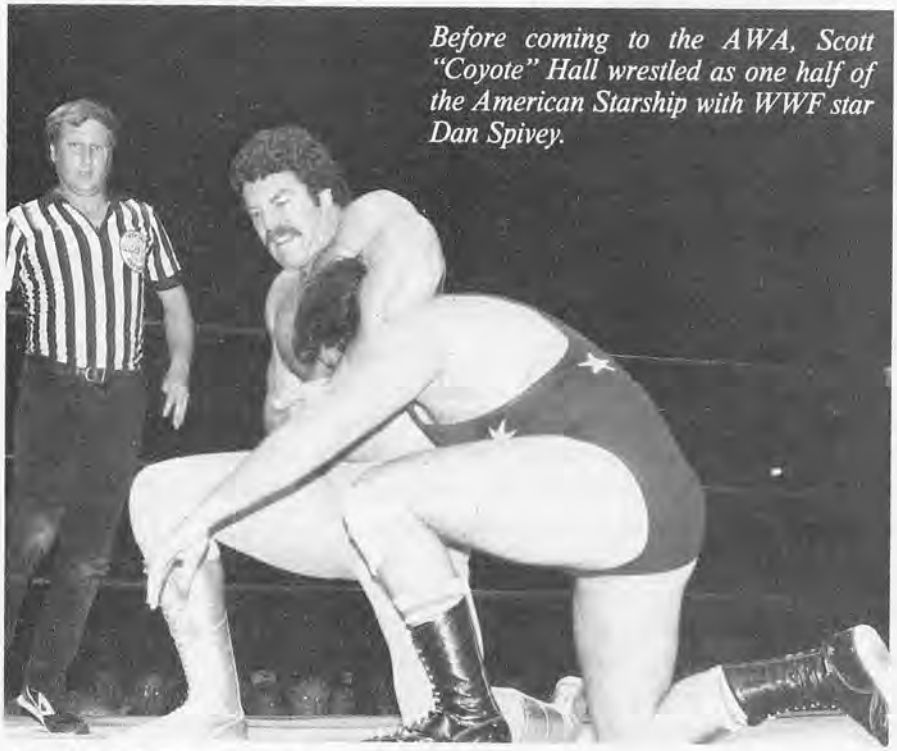
Crowds of fans all over the world went absolute wild and all I got was a headache from all the squealing going on around me. Now, as I commune with this plant, my thoughts turn to the future. How long can Hall and Hennig hold the AWA Tag-Team Title? They haven't been together long enough to work as effectively as say the Road Warriors or the Fabulous Freebirds, who have been tag partners for years, and they don't have half the oomph of the high-riding Irwin brothers.

As individuals you have Scott Hall, who is basically just a rookie, and Curt Hennig, who, although more experienced has to have his fat pulled out of the fire by Scott's brute strength. The real question is, do Curt Hennig and Scott Hall really have what it takes to defend their title against all comers, or will they soon be stripped of the title by a better team?

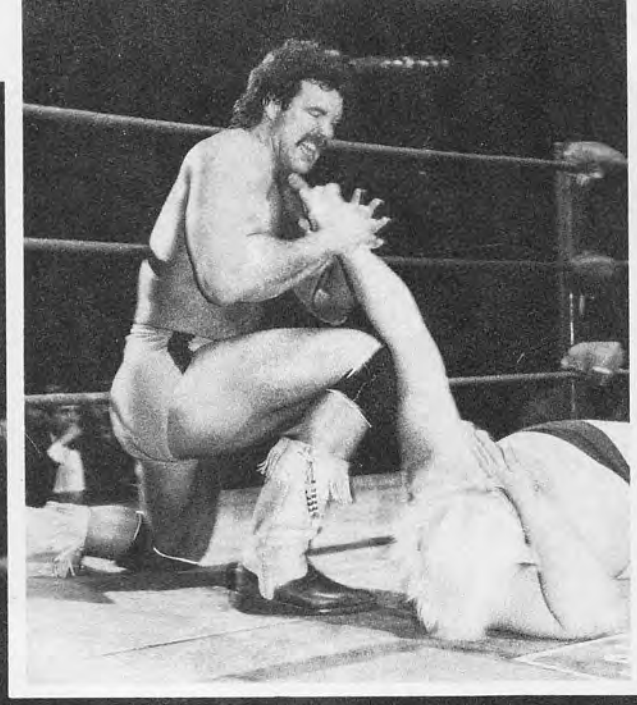
Not only this, but now that Hennig and Hall have the tag-title it seems that they've become even bolder as individuals. I've heard both Hennig and Hall screaming about how they want a shot at AWA Heavyweight Champion Stan "The Lariat" Hansen. Why? I've seen Stan Hansen step on both their heads. I'd think they'd have enough to worry about just defending their tag title without calling the wrath of the "Bad Man from Borger, Texas" on their heads too! As these and many other thoughts and questions cross my mind in anticipation of blurting them out in front of the Tag-Team Champions I am suddenly startled by the slamming of a door and the screaming of young girls rising to a crescendo beyond it.

Breaking my communion with the plant, and shaking the cobwebs loose in my head, I look around and stare in disbelief as I realize that my interviewees Scott Hall and Curt Hennig have just left via the fire exit. As I sit around gaping, I realize that I have blown an important interview to commune with a common Begonia. Then, as I slump into the chair next to the Begonia and watch it produce a little more oxygen, I realize that I've probably gotten more out of the plant than I would have gotten out of Curt Hennig and Scott Hall anyway.

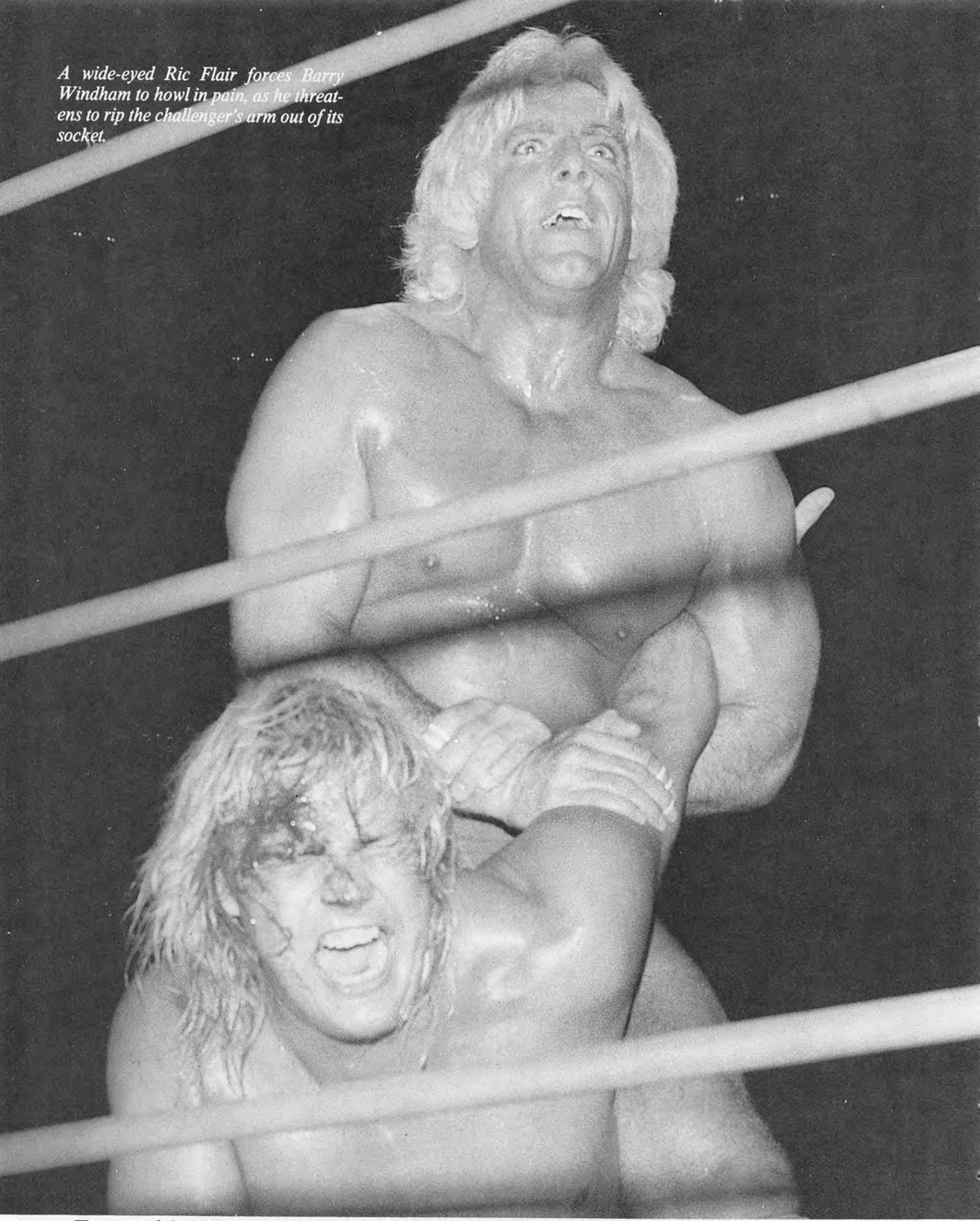
So I'll just sit around and relax, and let the cobwebs grow back again. ■



Before coming to the AWA, Scott "Coyote" Hall wrestled as one half of the American Starship with WWF star Dan Spivey.



Scott Hall puts the twist on Buddy Rose's wrist (left), while Col. DeBeers breaks up Curt Hennig's Sunset Flip (below).



A wide-eyed Ric Flair forces Barry Windham to howl in pain, as he threatens to rip the challenger's arm out of its socket.

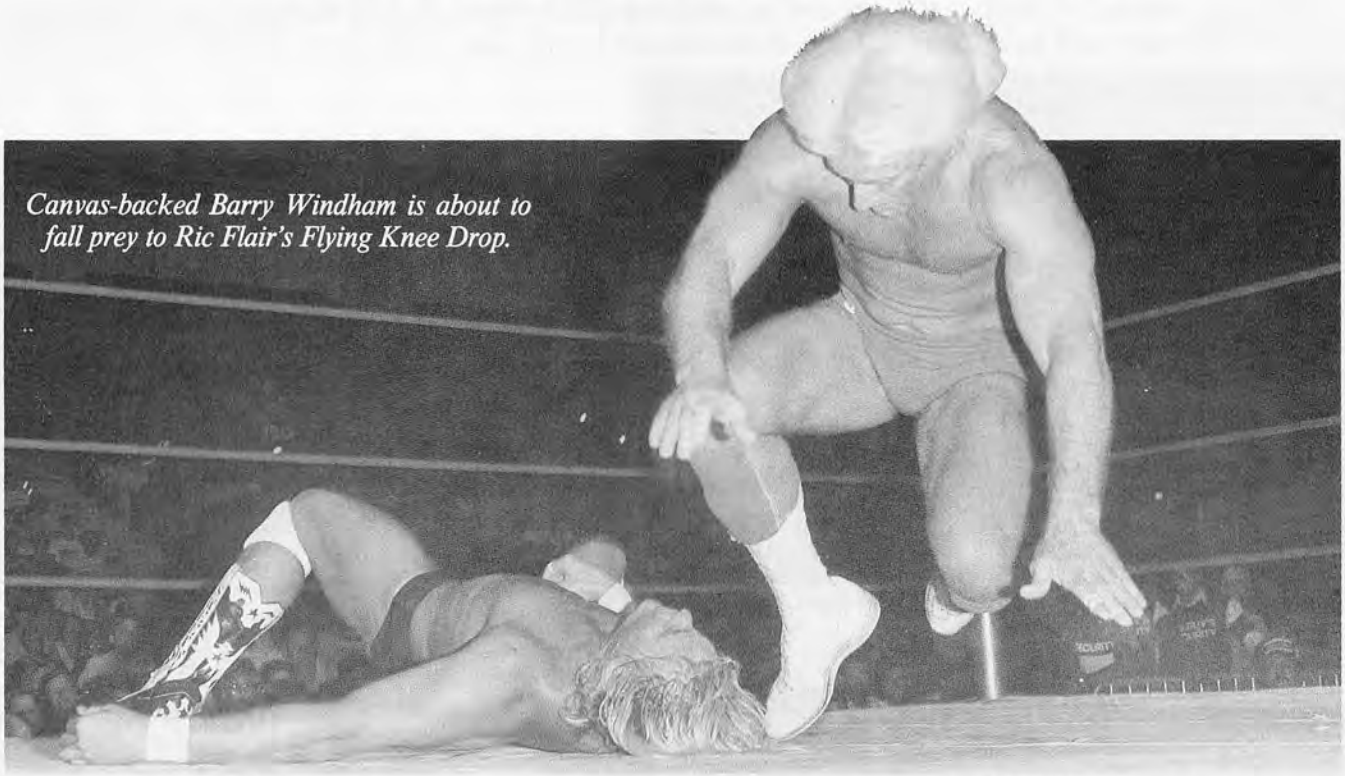
Even with the home arena advantage, Florida's favorite mat-star couldn't quite wrest the NWA World's Title away from wily Ric Flair. But that doesn't mean Barry Windham will quit trying!!

MATCH OF THE MONTH

Ocean Center, Daytona, FLA

Blond Bombshells Battle for NWA Crown!

RIC FLAIR VS. BARRY WINDHAM



Canvas-backed Barry Windham is about to fall prey to Ric Flair's Flying Knee Drop.

Photos by Bill Otten

By TED PIPE

Barry Windham's intentions after leaving the World Wrestling Federation were clear—he was going to pursue the NWA World's Title, renewing a quest which began long before he ever came to the WWF.

Currently grappling in Florida to the overwhelming approval of the fans, battling Kevin Sullivan and his horde while protecting the good name of the Windham/Mulligan family, Barry has proven himself to be tops in that region and legitimate contender for a belt that has no region—the World's Title currently held in an iron grip by Ric Flair.

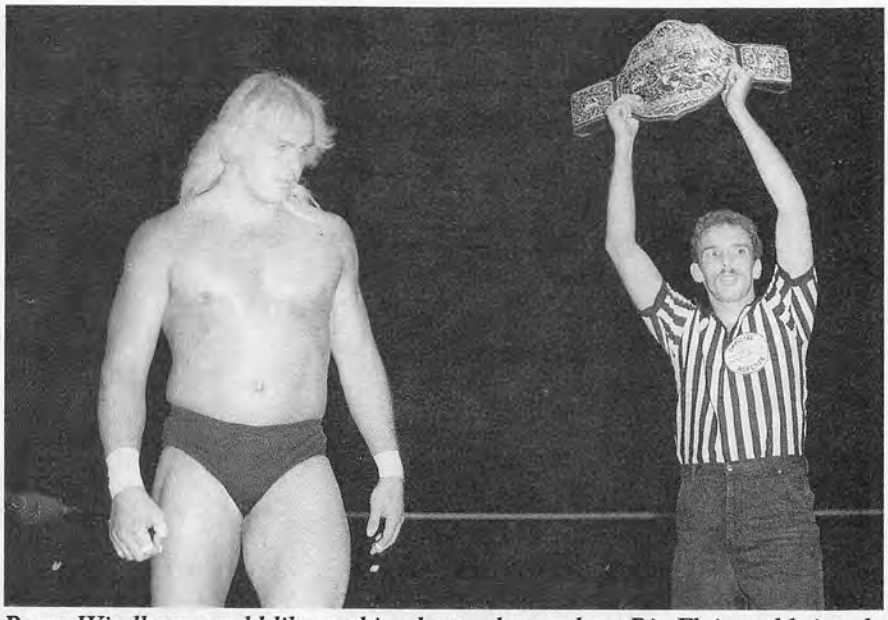
Whereas other so-called World's Champions defend only against a limited number of wrestlers within their "home" promotion, Flair continues to stray out of the World Championship area-his home base-to defend his title against all qualified contenders in any and all of the NWA's recognized promotions. It is dedication to a championship ideal that drives him, a noble endeavor to guarantee the sovereignity of the NWA crown. It is this passion for excellence that brought the champ to Florida to defend his belt against Barry Windham.

The fans in Daytona filled the newly constructed Ocean Center to see their local favorite take on the Kingpin. This was Flair's first appearance here, and despite his current notoriety, spurred

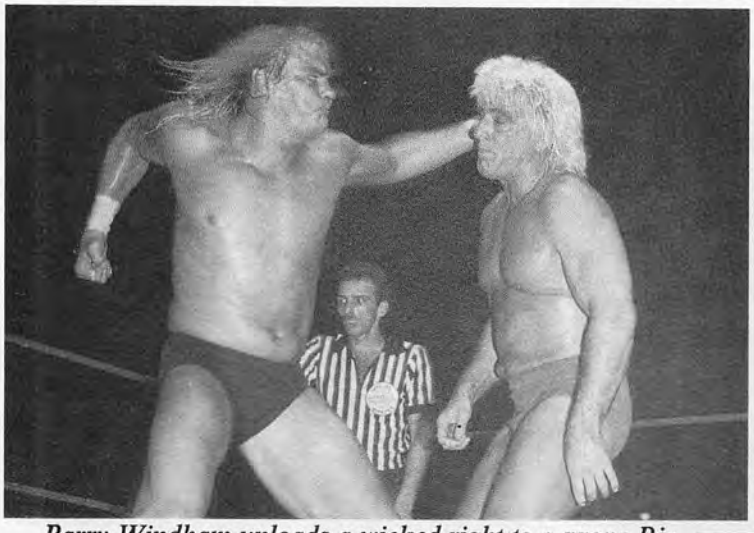
by savagery towards Barry's good friend from Texas, Dusty Rhodes, he still had some fans there and even those who came to see him bleed were impressed by a real live World's Champion. They don't get to see too many of them in the Sunshine State.

Before the match, spirits were running high in the Windham dressing room. Kendall and their old man Blackjack Mulligan were there to give Barry their support, and the older clan member offered his fatherly advice. Barry listened, slowly gearing himself up for one of the biggest matches of his life, careful not to become too embroiled in his emotions.

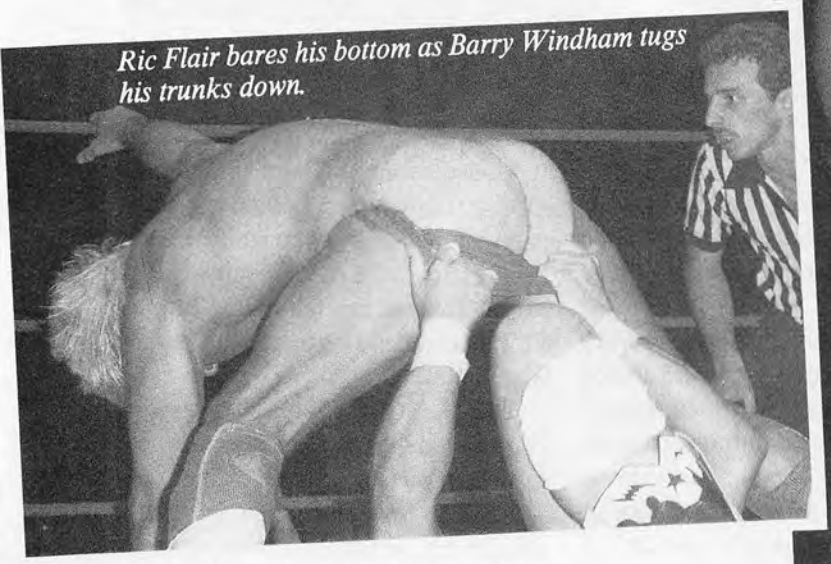
Flair was his usual self-confident self as he strutted into the arena and was greeted by an enthusiastic crowd, a deafening mixture of cheers and boos. The challenger made his entrance next and the crowd responded with an outpouring of emotion for the good looking young grappler. Spirits in the arena were running as high as they



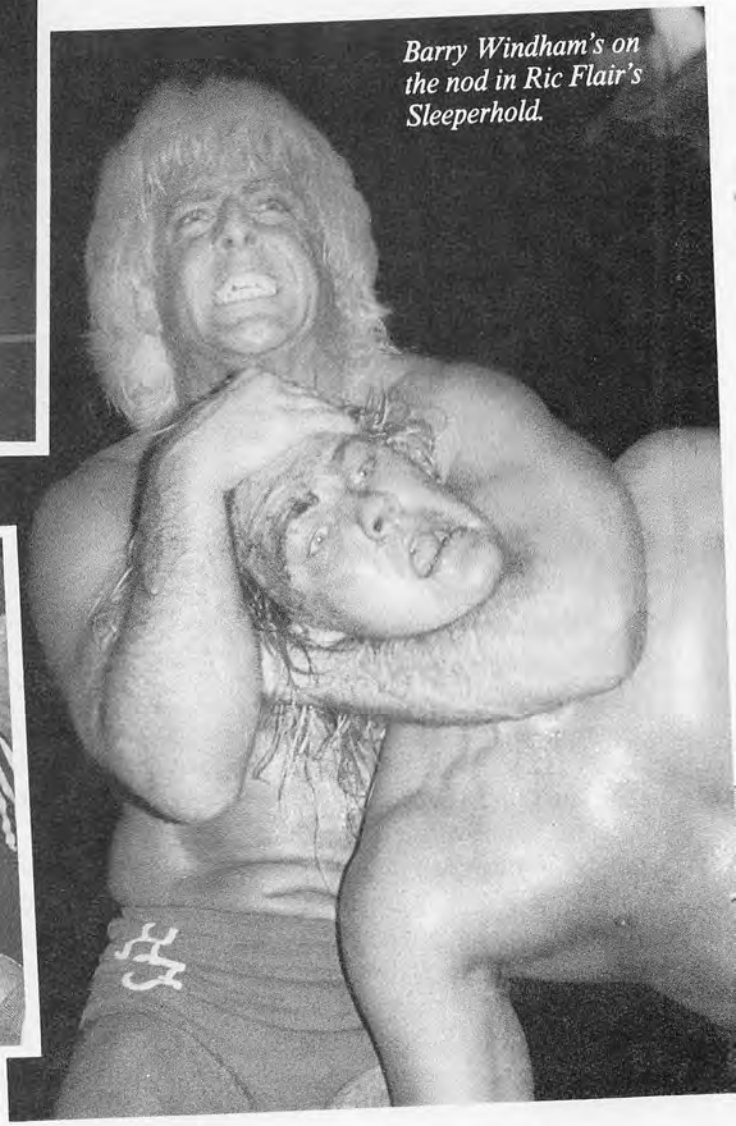
Barry Windham would like nothing better than to beat Ric Flair and bring the new NWA World's Title Belt home with him.



Barry Windham unloads a wicked right to a prone Ric Flair.



Ric Flair bares his bottom as Barry Windham tugs his trunks down.



Barry Windham's on the nod in Ric Flair's Sleeperhold.

were in the Windham dressing room—it had to be an advantage for Barry. After Flair's ritual of disrobing and proudly displaying his brand new belt they locked up and the bell was rung.

The opponents took their time, feeling each other out and finding the rhythm of the ring, until Flair took the first advantage with a devastating Backhand Chop, followed by a quick series of scientific maneuvers. Barry fought back but the Champ was running the show, and in a matter of moments had locked the young grappler in a Sleeperhold.

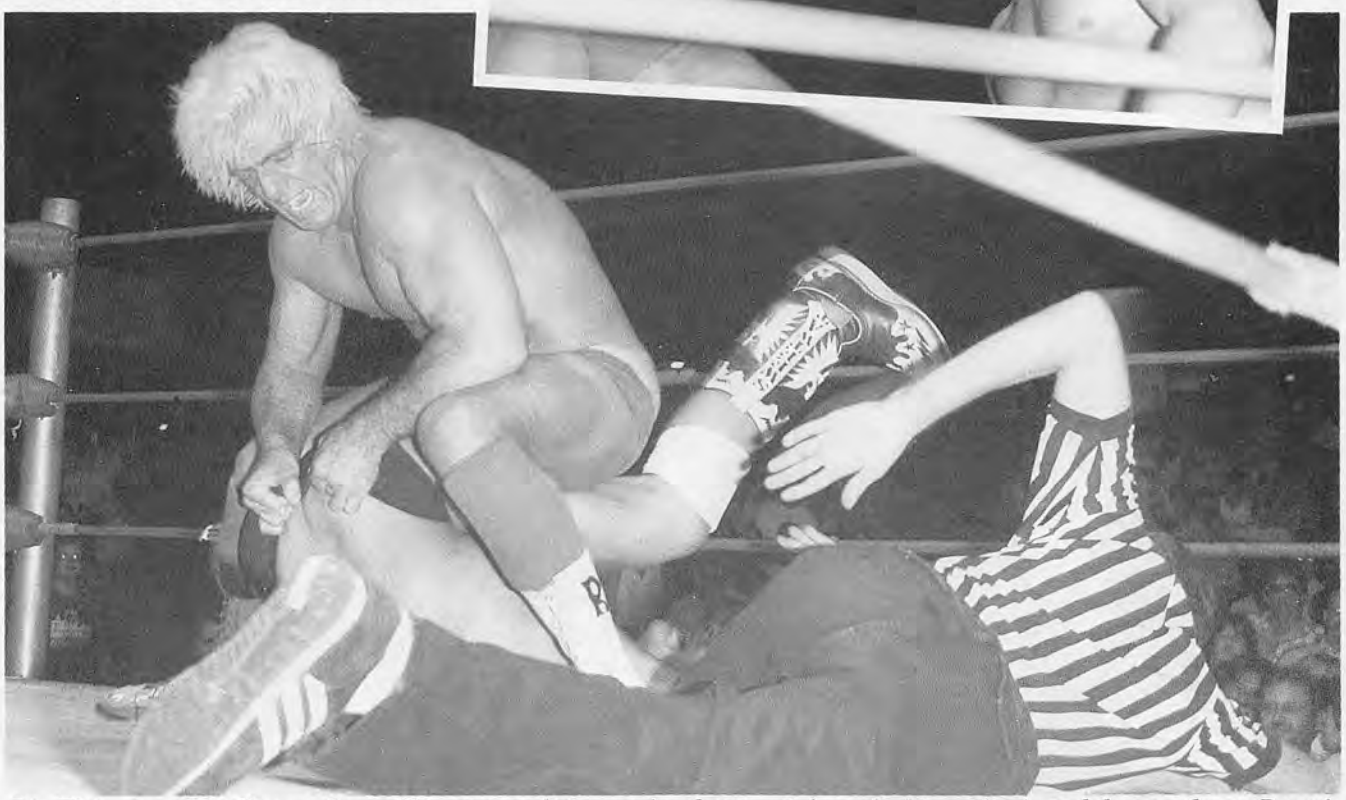
The squeals poured out of the audience as the strength was drained from Windham's body. Flair is a master of the Sleeperhold, and he had it locked on perfectly. Barry's eyes bulged and his face turned red as the oxygen was slowly cut from his brain. But driven by the screams of his fans and the inner strength that has made Barry a champion in the past, he lunged forward, taking Flair with him and driving the champ's peroxide blond head into the turnbuckle. Freed from the hold but drained of energy, Windham hit the canvas gasping for air.

Flair quickly recovered and was back on his feet, taking Windham by the hair and unleashing a barrage of brawling tactics—closed fist punches and kicks to the midsection, and he succeeded in opening up a cut on Barry's head. The blood flowed more freely after Flair delivered a Flying Knee Drop to the prone challenger's head.

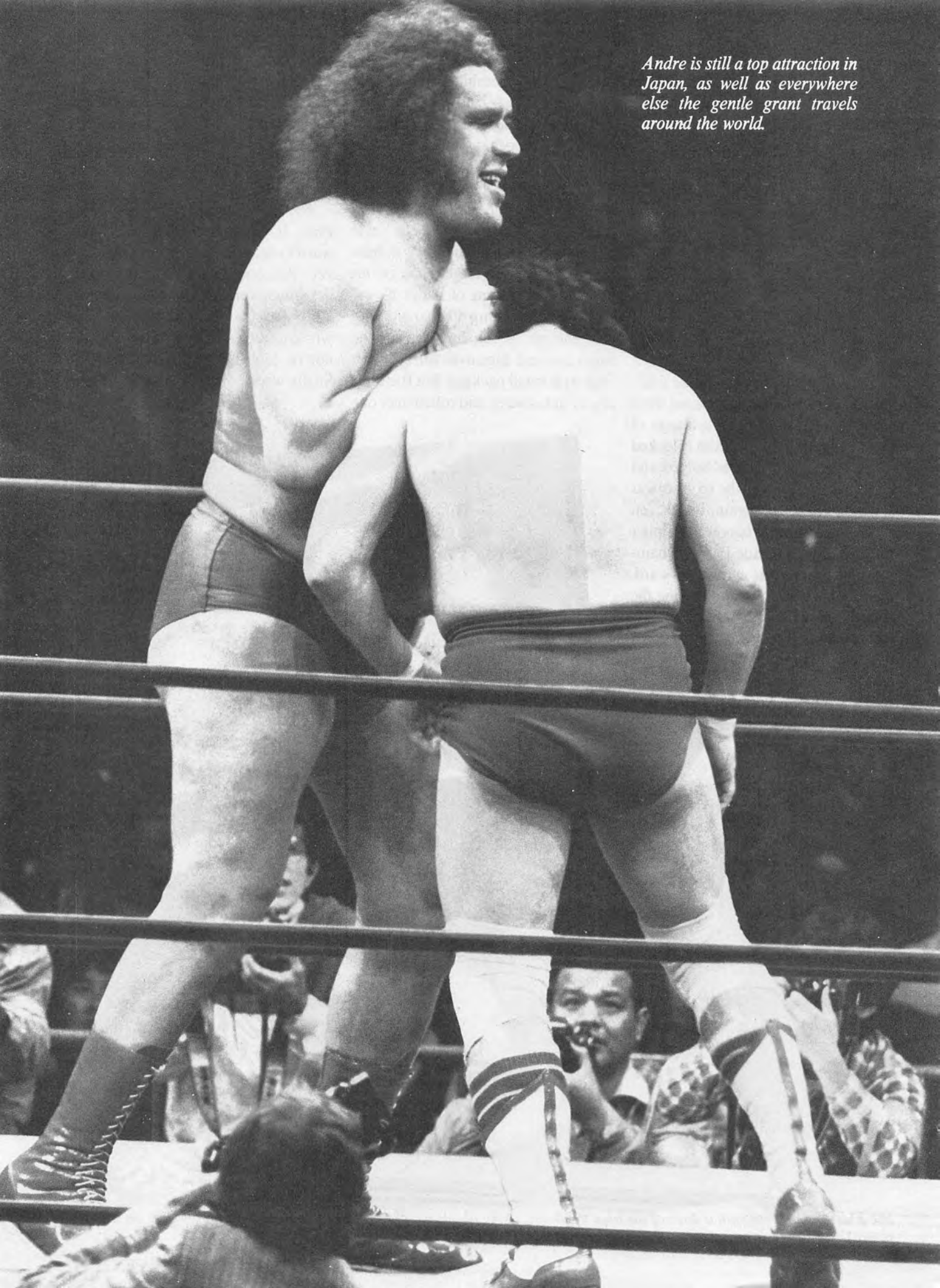
Somehow, somewhere Windham found the strength to get back on his feet and return some of Flair's blows. He caught the champ off guard, dazing him enough to run him against the ropes and roll him over for a Sunset Flip-style small package. But Ric Flair is wily in his ways, and rolled over one more time, tugging on Barry's shorts and pinning his shoulders to the mat.

The bell rang and the cat-calls and boos from the audience were louder than the initial cheering for Barry. Their hero sauntered off to the dressing room, defeated.

The match had been dominated by Flair. It would seem that Barry just wasn't ready for a World's Title. Not yet. But once again he proved his determination, his guts, his moxey. With the fans behind him and his whole career ahead of him, it might not be long before Barry Windham finally wrests that belt from Ric Flair. ■



Ric Flair gives Windham a dose of his own medicine, as he plants a right to the kisser (top), and then yanks on Barry's tights to assure a three-count.



Andre is still a top attraction in Japan, as well as everywhere else the gentle grant travels around the world.

Wrestler Of The Month

"The King of the Battle Royale!"

ANDRE THE GIANT BIGGER THAN EVER!

There isn't a man in all of wrestling who can go one-on-one with Andre the Giant and expect to survive. Even in a ring full of wrestlers you can bet your bottom dollar that the "Eighth Wonder of the World" will outlast them all, as he proved at "WrestleMania 2," and reassert himself as the "King of the Battle Royale!"

By JEREMY TEPPER

Andre the Giant is not intimidated by Roddy Piper's big mouth, or football players like "The Fridge," for that matter.

In Professional Wrestling, a sport of gigantic proportions, there are big wrestlers, and then there are BIG WRESTLERS. Any pretty boy with a Flying Body Press can elicit cheers from a crowd, and any all-American can start a chant of "USA, USA," but there are very few men who can actually fill a sports arena with their mere presence alone. Andre the Giant is one of this rare breed.

Wherever he travels throughout the world Andre the Giant is met with the same wide-eyed sense of awe. Children and grown-ups alike await his entrance with baited breath, and are never less than impressed by his titanic stature. Many could care less whether Andre wrestles or not, they'd be more than willing to plunk down their hard-earned dollars just to get a good look at the recognized "eighth wonder of the world."

But the fact of the matter is that Andre *is* a wrestler by profession, not some kind of sideshow freak, and he's a mighty tough customer at that. In his ten-plus years on the mat-circuit, Andre has never once lost a fair fight, and may never find out how it feels to have his shoulders pinned to the mat for the count of three. Even in handicap matches against two or three men Andre makes short work of his opponents, celebrating victory by casually squatting on their stacked bodies.

Perhaps Andre's greatest proving ground, however, is the Battle Royale. In a ring crammed with 20 some-odd wrestlers it's even money that Andre will be standing alone at the end. At 7'5" and 505 lbs. you can just imagine the effort and risk involved in tossing the gargantuan from Grenoble, France over the top rope.

In the Main Event at the Chicago portion of "WrestleMania 2" Andre faced perhaps one of his toughest challenges. Not only was the Squared Circle jammed with long-time wrestling rivals like Big John Studd and the Iron Sheik, but there was extra weight in the form of NFL stars like "The Refrigerator" William Perry, Russ Francis, and Harvey Martin. The psyched-up pigskin contingent hoped

to prove a point, but soon found that they were no match for the wrestlers, especially the mountainous "King of the Battle Royale."

At the Rosemont Horizon Andre wisely allowed his two top contenders, Studd and The Fridge, to negate each other as Studd hurled Perry over the top rope—only to fall for the oldest trick in the book when he extended a handshake and tumbled over himself. But even with the ring tonage greatly reduced, the battle raged on, as Andre faced off against two sadistic members of the "Hart Foundation," Brett "Hitman" Hart and Jim "The Anvil" Neidhardt.

As partners in a bone-breaking tag-team, Hart and Neidhardt are well versed in a variety of crippling combinations, and planned to take advantage of their two-on-one with Andre. The Foundation love to make mincemeat out of their unfortunate opponents, and hoped to carve up Andre between the two of them and share the $100,000 in prize money and priceless exposure that "WrestleMania 2" had to offer.

But after collaborating for a series of Irish Whips aimed at a prone Andre, Hart and Neidhardt found the tables unfavorably turned on them. After easily eliminating "The Anvil," Andre plucked Brett Hart off the top rope and casually tossed him out of the ring and on to his vanquished partner.

By winning the Battle Royale at "WrestleMania 2" Andre the Giant reasserted himself as the only true giant of Professional Wrestling, or perhaps any sport for that matter. At this point it seems unlikely that anyone will ever come along who can fill his huge shoes, and Andre may be the first wrestler ever to retire with an undefeated record. While that day may still be a long way down the road, Andre will continue to make the rounds of the wrestling world always receiving the type of red carpet treatment his giantship commands. As he proved at "WrestleMania 2" and will continue to in the future, Andre the Giant is bigger than ever before, and in a sport full of legends, he's larger than life. ■

ANDRE'S TOUGHEST OPPONENTS

KING KONG BUNDY

As a relative newcomer in the WWF, Bobby "The Brain" Heenan felt it was essential to have King Kong Bundy in his corner, and even went so far as to trade the contracts of both the Missing Link *and* Adrian Adonis to Jimmy Hart to secure the services of the titan from Atlantic City, NJ.

Since joining Heenan's stable, Bundy has primarily wrestled in tag matches with Big John Studd, forming what Heenan refers to as the "unslammable" tag-team. Outside of regular competition, however, Bundy's punishing splashes have left an impression on Hillbilly Jim and Heavyweight Champion Hulk Hogan, who suffered several cracked ribs on *Saturday Night's Main Event* some months back and still has a score to settle with the blimp-like behemoth.

Andre has faced King Kong Bundy on numerous occasions, but almost always finds himself being double-teamed when Studd gets in on the act. To counter this mis-match, Andre has regularly recruited the services of Hillbilly Him or Captain Lou Albano, but even in tag-team matches Bundy poses a considerable threat to Andre's well-being.

BIG JOHN STUDD

For the better part of the last five years, Andre the Giant has been embroiled in a bitter dispute with Big John Studd over who is the true giant of Professional Wrestling.

Apparently Studd and his manager, Bobby "The Brain" Heenan, believe that by humiliating the humble Frenchman they can somehow take the advantage in the eyes of history. So far their proudest moment came when they knocked Andre unconscious and clipped his hair, but for the most part their offensive has consisted of idle boasts and name-calling.

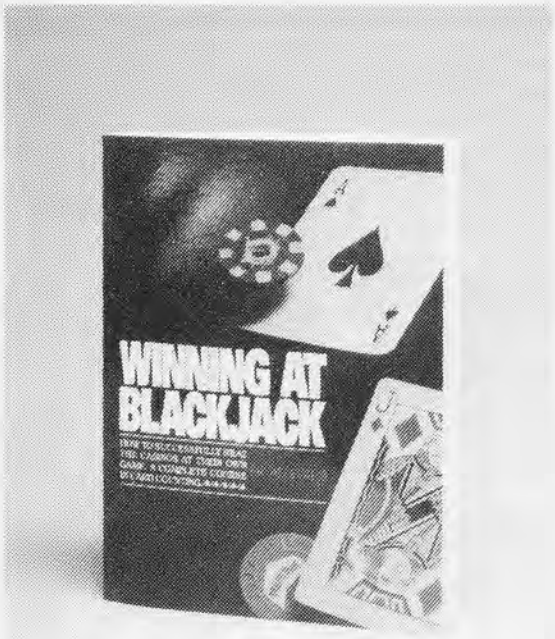
One of Studd's favorite claims is that he's never been Bodyslammed, but anyone who follows the sport knows that Andre has dumped him countless times, including the occasion at last year's "WrestleMania" when the Giant avoided retirement and won $25,000. What else does he have to do to silence Studd once and for all?

KAMALA THE UGANDAN GIANT

It's been over a year now, but WWF fans will never forget the violent war which raged between Andre the Giant and the wild savage from Uganda, the cannibalistic Kamala.

Managed by Freddie Blassie during his stay in the WWF, Kamala was trained to inspire fear in the hearts of his opponents, and Andre was no exception. On many occasions Andre refused to step over the ropes and into the ring until Kamala had been stripped of his tribal war mask and the razor sharp sword he used for hunting hippos back home.

Fortunately for Andre, Kamala's days in the WWF were relatively few, and along with his trainer Friday, the Ugandan left the area almost as mysteriously as he had arrived. Although Kamala had succeeded in scaring the daylights out of most everyone in the area, Andre had held his ground and notched up another impressive defense of his undisputed giantship.



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And that's what *Winning At Blackjack* is all about.

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Take away the sweaty, bruising side of the sport and wrestling's all fun and games. That's the way toy manufacturers are looking at it anyway, as they continue to develop new lines of Professional Wrestling playthings.

Remco Toys has developed a line of AWA dolls, as well as special packages like the Battle Royal Play Set (above).

New Line of Wrestling Action Figures!

LET'S PLAY AWA!

By JEREMY TEPPER

It's no secret that a large percentage of wrestling fans are kids, and everyone knows that kids like to play with toys. Therefore it should come as no surprise that toy manufacturers are currently ringing up record-breaking sales with all-new lines of wrestling-related playthings.

Last month we discussed LJN's line of WWF Superstars and featured exclusive photos of Heavyweight Champion Hulk Hogan, so this month we've decided to give equal time to the AWA's impressive collection of toy action figures.

Brought to you by the fine minds at Remco Toys, the real prize is the Battle Royale Play Set, which comes complete with an easy-to-assemble wrestling ring and six figures representing the respective tag-teams of the Road Warriors, the Fabulous Ones, and Rick Martel and Baron Von Raschke. Just to assure fair play, Remco has also included an impartial referee doll.

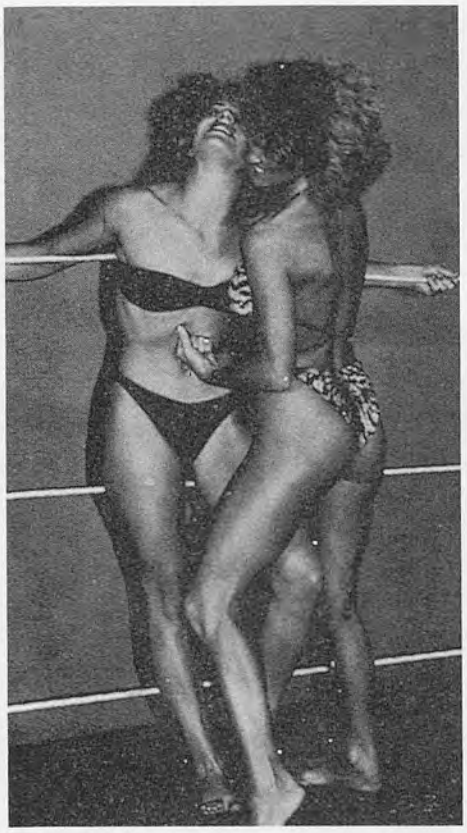
Besides the Battle Royale, Remco also has individual sets of tag-teams like the Long Riders and the High Flyers, and six-man sets including the Road Warriors with Precious Paul Ellering, the Fabulous Freebirds, and Garvin and Regal with their valet Precious. If the ring's not your thing, than check out Remco's line of AWA "Thumbsters," which slip over the thumb and can be matched up in hand-to-hand combat.

The only question that arises when inspecting the new wrestling toys on the market is not how they will sell, apparently anything even remotely related to wrestling is flying off toy store shelves, but whether kids will continue to attend live wrestling cards, or prefer to hold their own matches in the privacy of their playrooms.

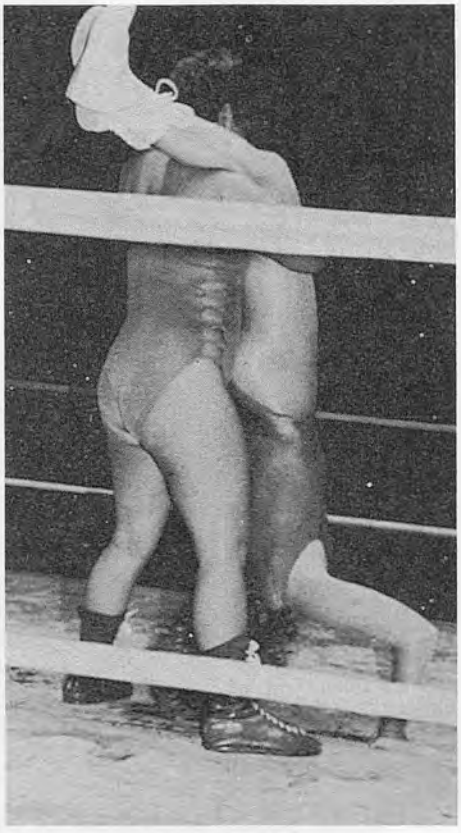
■ **JEREMY TEPPER**

Videos & Photos
Real Matches in Pro Ring

LADY WRESTLING!



Bikini



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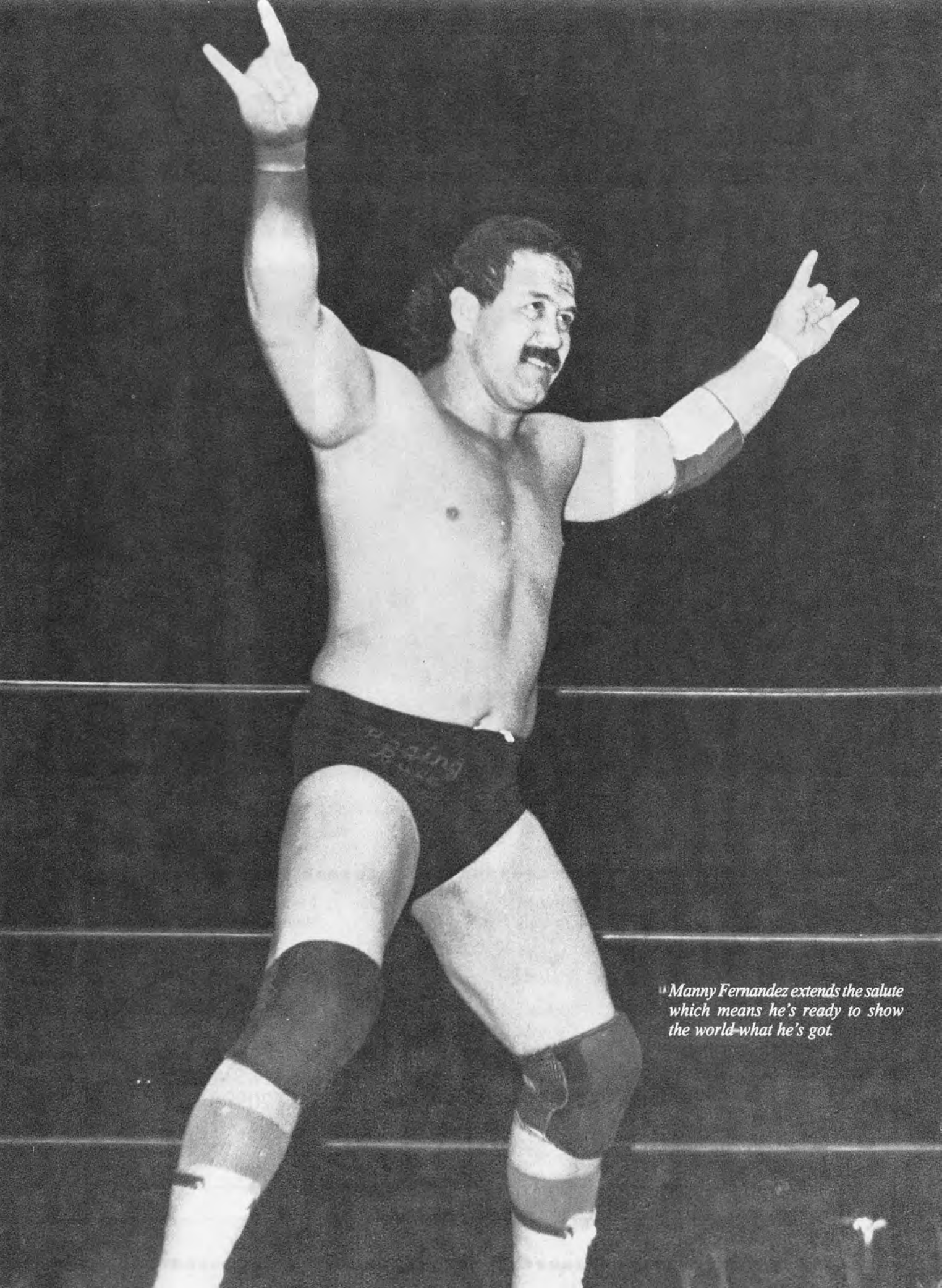
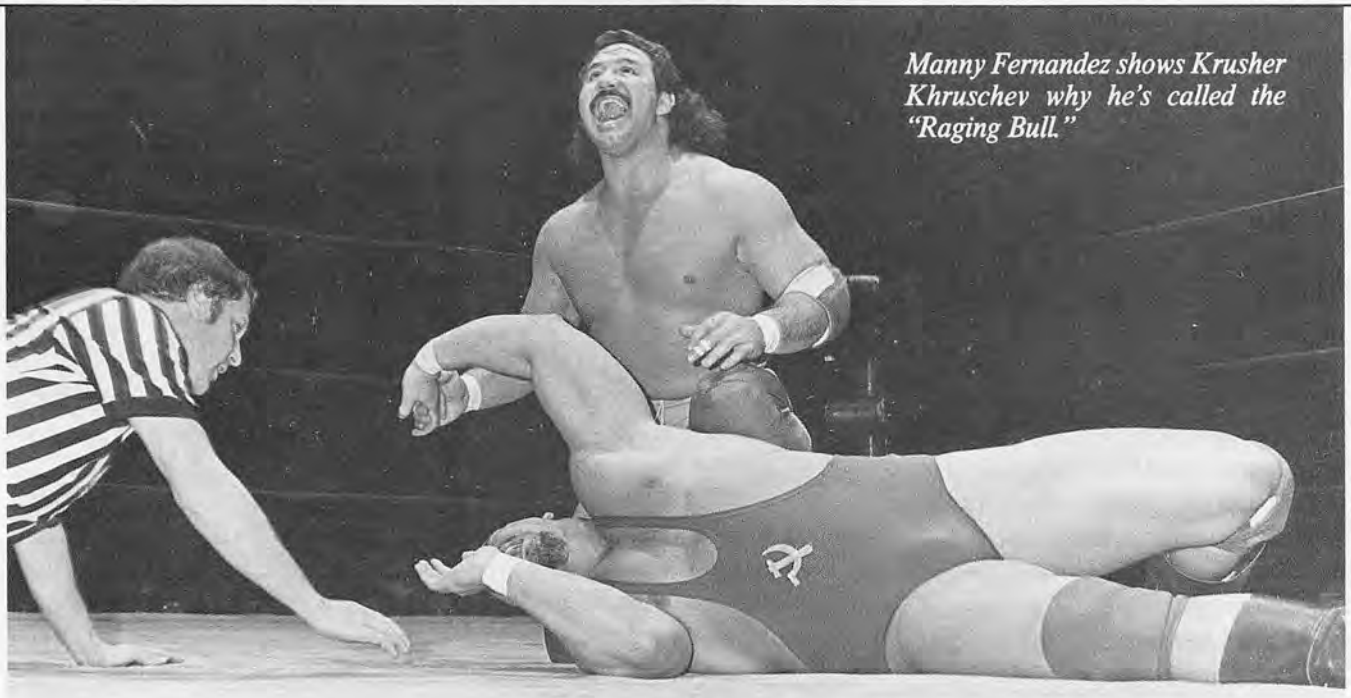


Manny Fernandez extends the salute which means he's ready to show the world what he's got.

Mexican mat-star Manny Fernandez fells he's been on the back burner for too long now, and won't be denied any longer. If Fernandez doesn't get some title shots soon, the "Raging Bull" is bound to explode in an uncontrollable rage of violence!



Manny Fernandez shows Krusher Khruschev why he's called the "Raging Bull."

INTO THE SPOTLIGHT

The "Raging Bull" Wants His Due!

MANNY FERNANDEZ: WORKING CLASS WRESTLER!!

By ROBERT E. RIDDICK, JR.

This is a story about a man who is a tough and proud competitor. A man whose abilities often go unnoticed because he doesn't brag or boast as loud as some of his counterparts. A man who is the ultimate blue collar wrestler, who goes out and does his job, and doesn't need a lot of press or his picture in magazines to know just how good he is. Yet, when a man's pride is hurt, and he is constantly overshadowed by other less-skilled grapplers, then a change in the man's style may well be in order. The man in question is Manny Fernandez, known as the "Ragin' Bull," and unless some drastic changes take place soon, this Bull may blow his top!

When Manny Fernandez first entered the Mid-Atlantic wrestling area, he did so in a very conspicuous manner. He entered a tournament for the vacant U.S. Title, and made his way all the way to the finals before he was beaten by Wahoo McDaniel. It should be noted that Manny was injured by Tully Blanchard before his match with Wahoo, and this injury helped Wahoo defeat Fernandez a lot easier. Manny then began to chase Wahoo all across the area in hopes of gaining the U.S. Title, but could never garner the strap from the big Chief. He then teamed up with old friend Dusty Rhodes to defeat then World's Tag-Team Champions Don Kernodle and Ivan Koloff. Despite Manny's constant tries at Wahoo, he was denied a title match at "Starrcade 84," and instead watched Wahoo easily defeat Superstar Graham from the sidelines. On the same night, Fer-

Photos by Cathy Dixson and Robert Riddick

nandez defeated Black Bart for the Brass Knuckles Title after a wild and bloody battle.

1985 appeared, and it looked as if Manny and Dusty would remain Tag-Team Champions forever. They turned back challengers including Ron Bass and Black Bart, Ivan and Nikita Koloff, and the Road Warriors among others. Yet, it was the Koloffs, who finally succeeded in taking away the Tag-Team Title. "The Bull" still had his sights set on regaining the Tag-Team Belts when Dusty defeated Tully Blanchard for the NWA TV Title, a belt which Manny had come close to winning himself on several occassions.

So Fernandez set out on yet another course to acheive the notoriety due him by challenging for the U.S. Title once again, but a new superstar had burst upon the scene in the form of Magnum T.A. Once again Manny had to sit back and watch as someone else was granted more title matches than he could get and eventually the matches Magnum received against Wahoo paid off when he captured the title from the big chief in Charlotte, North Carolina.

Abdullah the Butcher flips for Fernandez's Vertical Suplex.

Just as "The Bull" was ready to go off in yet another direction, his old friend Jimmy Valiant became involved in a war with Paul Jones and his stable of men. Manny then went off yet again in a quest to aid another friend in need of help. After joining forces with Valiant, Fernandez set himself up for an attack by Jones and his stable of men. But, the Bull prevailed each and every time in numerous matches with Jones' men. Among these victories were wins over Konga the Barbarian in several Mexican Death Matches, pinfall victories over Superstar Billy Graham, and even pinfall wins over Abdullah the Butcher. In one match in Hampton, Virginia, "The Bull" even managed to Suplex the huge Butcher five times in one match!

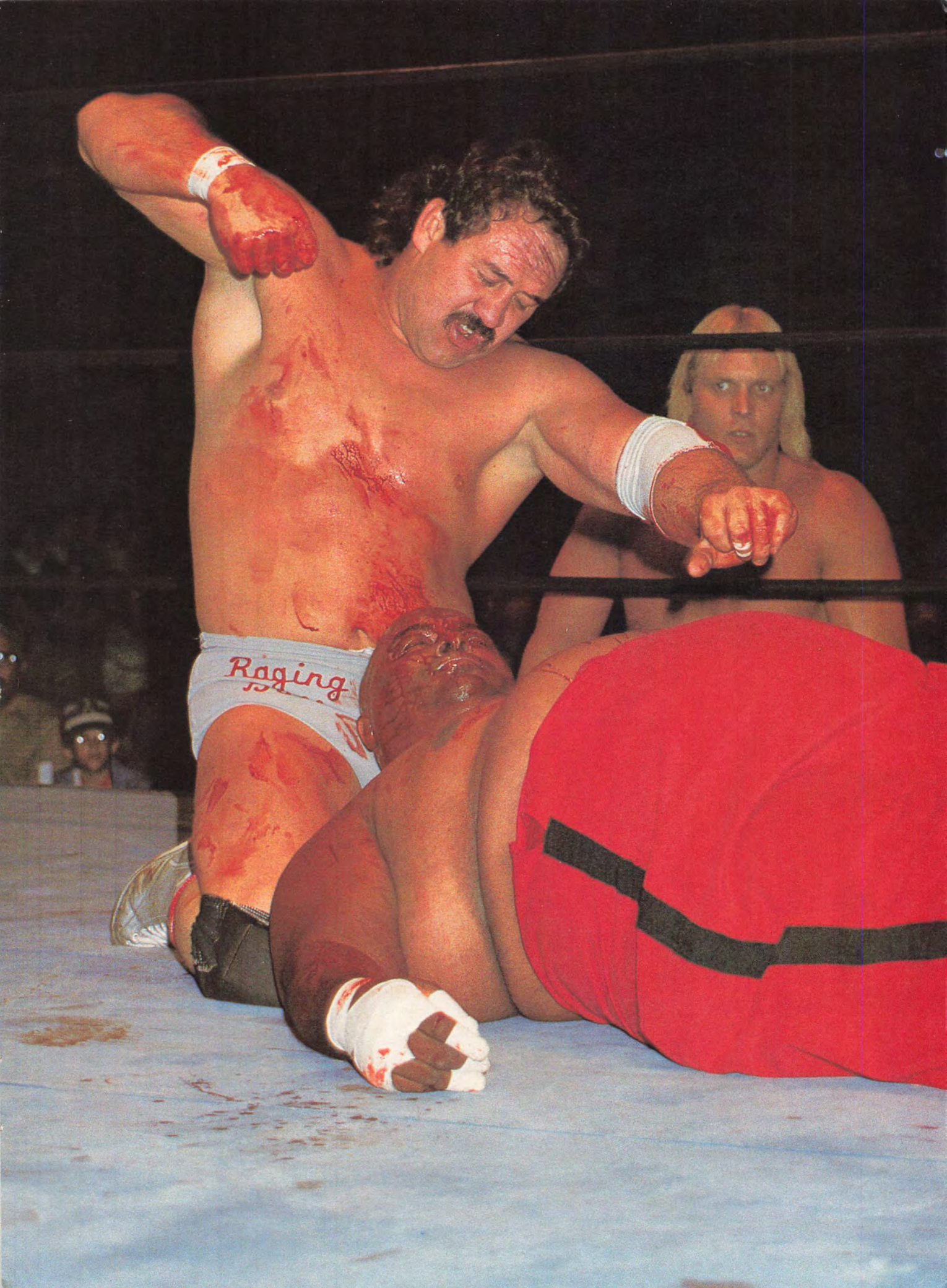
In lieu of a Championship Belt, Manny Fernandez has defended his Mexican Sombrero against members of Paul Jones' stable.

"(Fernandez) is the ultimate blue collar wrestler."

"Starrcade 85" rolled around, and Manny defended his beautiful Mexican Sombero against his nemesis Abdullah the Butcher. After a long and bloody battle, the Bull emerged victorious. Later, when Dusty stepped into the ring to face Flair for the NWA Title, "The Bull" was eagerly watching and hoping for his friend's chance of regaining the title and when Rhodes pinned Flair, the first man into the ring was Dusty's close friend Manny Fernandez. When the belt was taken away from Rhodes the hurt ran just as deep in Manny as it did in Dusty. Although disappointed for his friend, it was time for "The Bull" to look out for his own future. Although disappointed, "The Bull" nevertheless maintained an optimistic view of his future.

"I've been out of the spotlight for way too long now. Everytime somebody enters this area, the first person they try to come down on is the "The Bull," because they know if they get past me then they're going to be considered a big threat. Well brother, "The Bull" is back and better than ever, and people better start to take notice, because the 'Rage of 86' is here, and I'll be here for a long time to come! You can bank on it."

By looking at the events that have taken place in Fernandez' career since entering the Mid-Atlantic area, one can sense the frustration that the man must be feeling. Being passed over for title shots, acting as the unofficial policeman of the Mid-Atlanic area, helping friends out in feuds only to have their enemies turn on him, and lastly, seeing overrated competitors step into the area and receive matches that he should be receiving. Unless a lot of changes occur within the offices of Jim Crockett Promotions, the "Ragin' Bull" may soon erupt into a rage of uncontrollable violence! ■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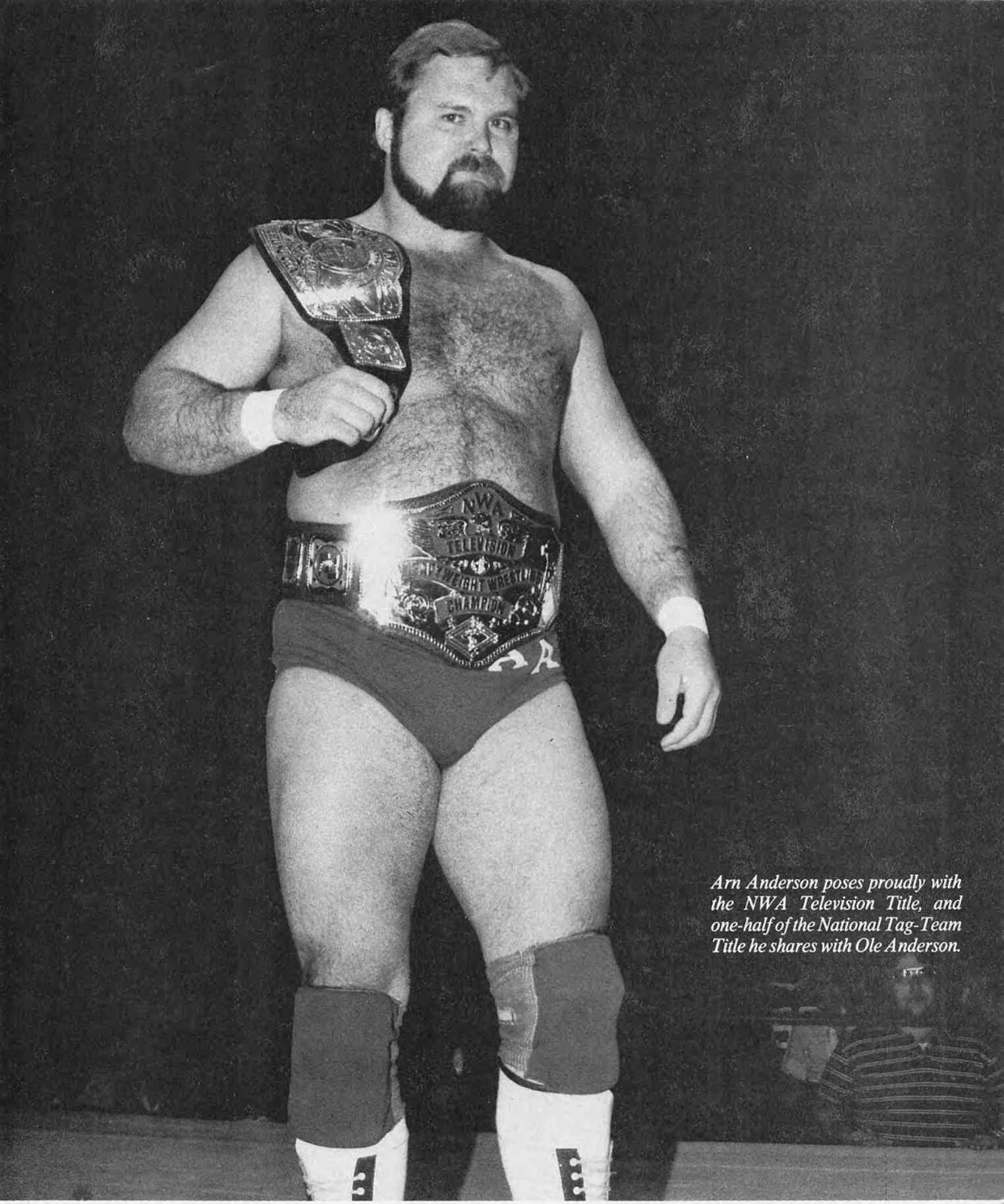


Arn Anderson poses proudly with the NWA Television Title, and one-half of the National Tag-Team Title he shares with Ole Anderson.

There is a certain thing called pride which runs in the Anderson family, and young Arn Anderson has demonstrated this trait a lot of late. As the NWA Television Champion, Arn Anderson proudly considers himself the very best in the whole sport!

The Anderson Legacy Lives On!

NWA Television Titleholder ARN ANDERSON

"I'm the Greatest Champion Anywhere!"

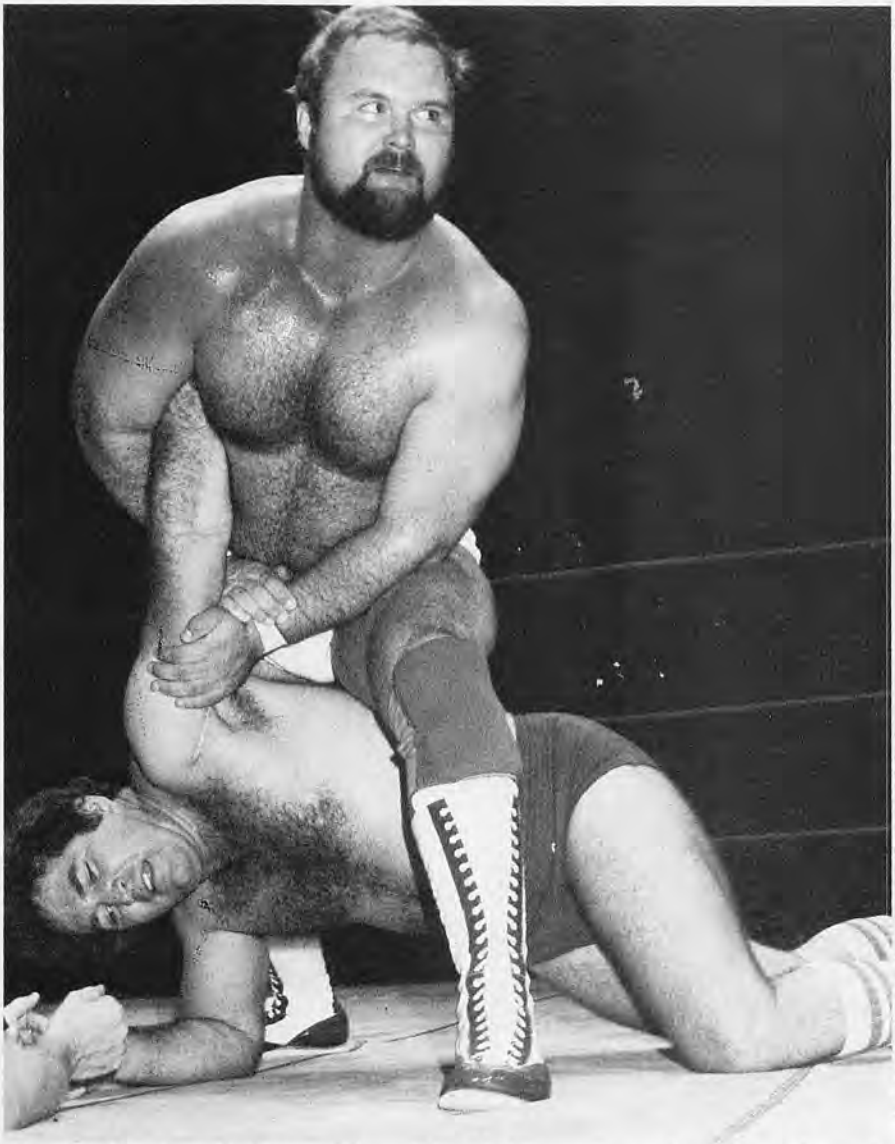
By ROBERT E. RIDDICK, Jr.

After months of proclaiming himself as the true World's Television Champion, Arn Anderson has silenced all critics by winning and defending "his" World's Television Championship against all comers.

"I fully realize that everyone in the world of Professional Wrestling thought that Arn Anderson had backed himself into a corner that he would not be able to come out of. Well, I proved all of you wrong didn't I? Fans across the country were saying that a man with the experience of Dusty Rhodes would simply destroy me in a match, but what are these people saying today? They're saying—there goes Arn Anderson, the World's Television Champion!" Anderson has made a very good point. When he received his initial title match with then-champion Dusty Rhodes on national television, Arn made an impressive showing. Although Arn didn't pin Rhodes or force him to submit, he more than held his own against the "American Dream."

It was shortly after this match that Rhodes was severely injured by Ric Flair and the Andersons. When Rhodes finally decided to face the public about his injury, he was knocked off his crutches by Tully Blanchard as Arn walked off with the belt. In the weeks that followed, Arn carried the Television Title with him everywhere he went, and even made what he called "title defenses" of the belt. After two months of retaining possession of the Television Belt, he was knocked cold from behind by Rhodes, who landed a chair on the back of Arn's head and walked off with the belt.

"What kind of a man goes around attacking people with a chair when their backs are turned but a coward?"



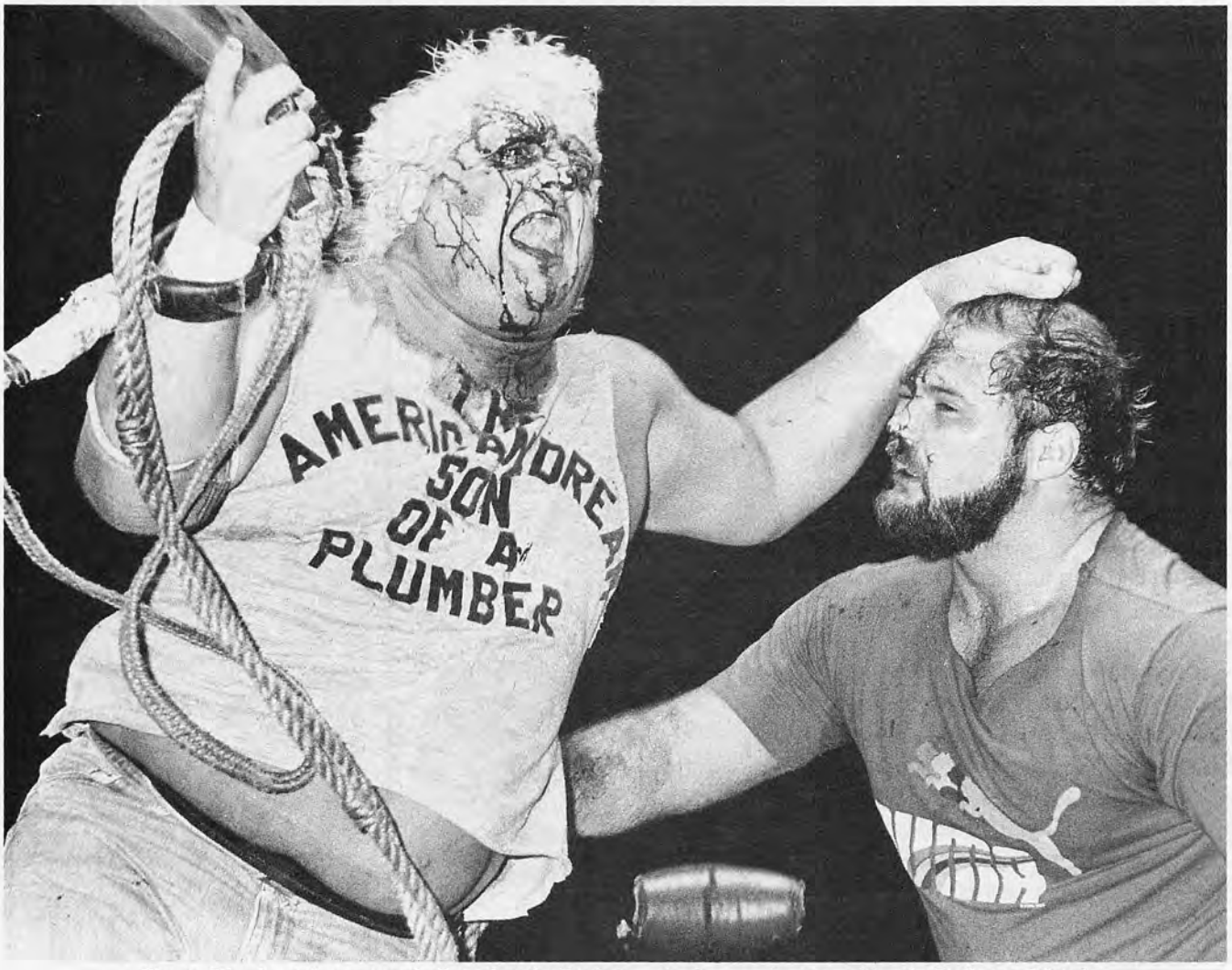
Photos by Cathy Dixson and Robert Riddick

Rough-rider Arn Anderson likes to break his opponents in rodeo style, as he applies an Armlock to another bucking bronco.

This is the man that all of the fans love, a man that's supposed to be so tough? Now don't get me wrong, Arn continues, "Dusty Rhodes is a tough man. But I lost a lot of respect for him or anybody for that matter who has to resort to attacking someone from behind with a chair." Following this incident Rhodes was signed to face Flair for the World's Title at "Starrcade 85." Once again, the Anderson's caused an interference that cost Rhodes the NWA title, although he actually pinned Flair in a controversial finish.

"It seems amazing to me that anyone would question our reasons for interfering in that match," says Arn. "If you had a defenseless relative facing a man with a steel toe in his boot what would you do?" You'd probably do exactly what we did, and that's look out for our cousin—who, I might add, is still the World's Heavyweight Champion. Besides, if it weren't for

Arn Anderson stands on the sidelines as his partner Ole Anderson does some damage. Ole is currently recovering from a broken leg inflicted by Dusty Rhodes.



Dusty Rhodes takes a cowbell to the skull of Arn Anderson during a bloody Bullrope Match.

Arn Anderson floors Ronnie Garvin with a choke-like Headlock (above), and then steps outside the Squared Circle to ram his shoulder into a handy ringpost.

Rhodes, Ole and myself would still be the National Tag-Team Champions. But hey, Rhodes will get his in due time. For injuring my cousin Ole, and forcing us to give up our titles, he will pay very dearly. The man dipped into my bank account and national standing by forcing Ole and I to give those belts up. Rhodes will pay for breaking up 'The Four Horsemen' of the NWA. Blanchard, Flair, and the Andersons are the four men who rule World Championship Wrestling, and when Ole recovers, we will continue to do so!"

Ole Anderson's injury came right after Arn won the World's Television Title at a big tournament in Charlotte, North Carolina. Although everyone felt that there would be someone else in the finals, Arn faced off against Indian Chief Wahoo McDaniel, and after a grueling battle, Arn emerged victorious as the new World's Television Champion.

"No disrespect to Wahoo because the man is a tremendous competitor, but it would have taken a whole tribe of Indians to beat me in that match. My career was at stake during that match. Had I lost I would have tarnished the reputation of the Andersons that we've worked so hard to achieve. Every top man in this area was in that tournament, so my winning this title meant even more. It means that the best man emerged at the end of the tournament, and you're looking at that man right now!"

Mr. Anderson can indeed be proud of his accomplishment in Charlotte that night, and he has done everything that he said he would do, not *if* he won the belt, but *when* he won the belt. Weekly defenses on television have followed while meeting the top challengers throughout the country in arenas and coliseums everywhere.

"When I told the people what I would do with this title when I won it, few of them actually believed me," says Arn, "but now they can see it for themselves. Rhodes rarely wrestled on television, much less defended his title, but I have done it all! I have faced every challenge that has come my way since winning this belt. From Fernandez to Bass, to Ron Garvin, Sam Houston ... You name them, and I've wrestled them. Many a man has been carried out as a result of my Gourdbuster, and many others as a result of a broken arm. Well line up boys, because if you want a first class lesson in pain and wrestling, step in the ring with Arn Anderson, the World's Television Champion, and receive your Master's Degree!" ■

OFFICIAL WRESTLING RATINGS

Ric Flair

NATIONAL WRESTLING ALLIANCE (NWA)

World's Heavyweight Champion: RIC FLAIR—245 lbs.—Minneapolis, MN
World's Jr. Heavyweight Champion: DENNIS BROWN—220 lbs.—Honolulu, HA
United States Champion: MAGNUM TERRY ALLEN—245 lbs.—Chesapeake, VA
National Champion: TULLY BLANCHARD—240 lbs.—San Antonio, TX
Tag-Team Champions: MIDNIGHT EXPRESS (combined)—475 lbs.

CONTENDERS

1. **BARRY WINDHAM**—245 lbs.—Sweetwater, Texas
2. **DUSTY RHODES**—302 lbs.—Austin, Texas
3. **RICKY MORTON**—230 lbs.—Atlanta, GA
4. **NIKITA KOLOFF**—275 lbs.—Moscow, Russia
5. **RONNIE GARVIN**—231 lbs.—Montreal, Quebec
6. **WAHOO McDANIEL**—260 lbs.—Midland, Texas
7. **LEX LUGAR**—280 lbs.—Chicago, IL
8. **DICK SLATER**—235 lbs.—Tampa, FL
9. **BILLY JACK HAYNES**—245 lbs.—Portland, OR
10. **ARN ANDERSON**—240 lbs.—Minneapolis, MN

Stan Hansen

AMERICAN WRESTLING ASSOCIATION (AWA)

Heavyweight Champion: STAN HANSEN—320 lbs.—Borger, TX
Jr. Heavyweight Champion: BUCK ZUMHOFFE—220 lbs.—Honolulu, HA
America's Champion: SGT. SLAUGHTER—310 lbs.—Parris Island, SC
Tag-Team Champions: CURT HENNIG and **SCOTT HALL** (combined)—495 lbs.

CONTENDERS

1. **BRUISER BRODY**—285 lbs.—Albuquerque, NM
2. **NICK BOCKWINKEL**—245 lbs.—Beverly Hills, CA
3. **CRUSHER BLACKWELL**—475 lbs.—Stone Mountain, GA
4. **LARRY ZBYSZKO**—245 lbs.—Pittsburgh, PA
5. **RICK MARTEL**—235 lbs.—Quebec City, Canada
6. **THE BARBARIAN**—275 lbs.—Parts Unknown
7. **BORIS ZUCHOFF**—250 lbs.—Siberia, USSR
8. **GREG GAGNE**—220 lbs.—Robbinsdale, MN
9. **BUDDY ROSE**—265 lbs.—Portland, OR
10. **COLONEL DeBEERS**—255 lbs.—Johannesburg, South Africa

Hulk Hogan

WORLD WRESTLING FEDERATION (WWF)

Heavyweight Champion: HULK HOGAN—299 lbs.—Venice Beach, CA
Jr. Heavyweight Champion: HIRO SAITO—220 lbs.—Osaka, Japan
Intercontinental Champion: RANDY SAVAGE—245 lbs.—Sarasota, FL
Tag-Team Champions: BRITISH BULLDOGS (combined)—460 lbs.

CONTENDERS

1. **KING KONG BUNDY**—445 lbs.—Atlantic City, NJ
2. **PAUL ORNDORFF**—250 lbs.—Tampa, FL
3. **MAGNIFICENT MURACO**—275 lbs.—Sunset Beach, HA
4. **GEORGE STEELE**—265 lbs.—Detroit, MI
5. **ADRIAN ADONIS**—285 lbs.—New York, NY
6. **JUNKYARD DOG**—260 lbs.—Charlotte, NC
7. **RODDY PIPER**—230 lbs.—Glasgow, Scotland
8. **RICKY STEAMBOAT**—235 lbs.—Honolulu, HA
9. **CORPORAL KIRCHNER**—230 lbs.—Fort Bragg, SC
10. **TITO SANTANA**—245 lbs.—Tocula, Mexico

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